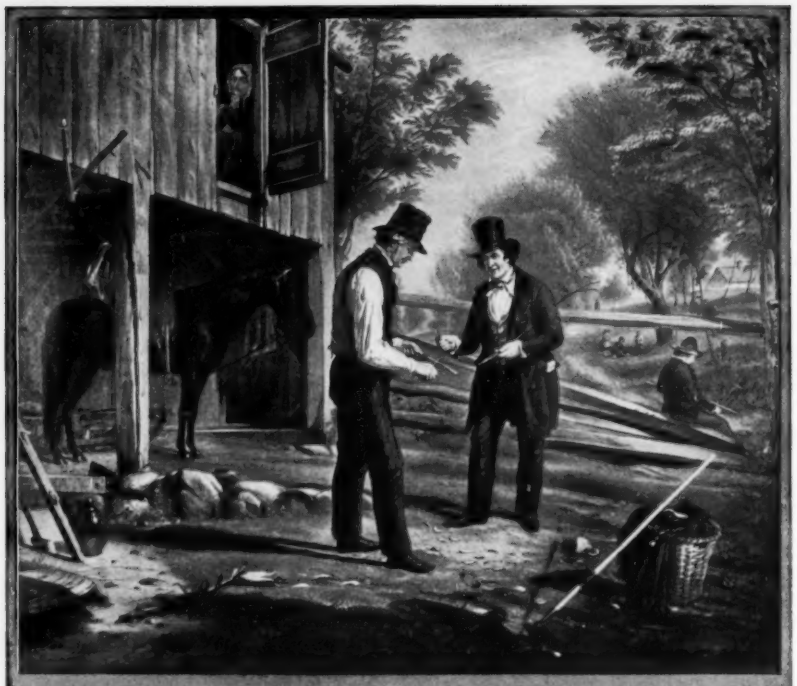
YANKEE

February 1938 25 Cents

Keystone View Co.

GANGDOM'S THREAT TO NEW ENGLAND by JOSEPH F. DINEEN



Swoppers' Columns

All subscribers to YANKEE who have anything genuine to swop are invited to use this column. Allowance: one insertion of not more than 6 lines per issue, 12 issues a year. Send replies to YANKEE, Dublin, N. H. Aside from the service of placing one swopper in touch with another YANKEE assumes no responsibility. Swops must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding publication. Please let us know when your swops go through.

Wanted by gal with "twelve pound look," a portable typewriter. In swop: one untanned deer hide (shot this fall) and a prize Springer Spaniel who barks incessantly but is swell with kids and is very tidy about the house. F — 201

Will swop Chinese-Japanese War photos and other foreign scenes for New England city and country life photographs. F — 202

Would like a pair of oxen. What would you like? F — 203

Ten acres of California land, near Victorville. I owe $65 on it, which is paid at $5 per month. Will trade my equity for .22 rifle, radio or good watch. F — 204

Old English fireplace set — straight poker and tongs (no shovel) for antique equivalent. F — 205

I have black walnuts, telegraph set, stamps and old strap hinges and want old powder horns or hunting pictures. F — 206

Got a horse? You'll need my almost new $85 lady's tan riding habit, which will make you look like a million. Size, small 16. I want a portable typewriter in good condition. F — 207

Will dicker: fox, coon or bobcat hounds for .22 caliber Colt automatic pistol, squill holders, Argus lamps or Horn of Plenty wines. F — 208

We have a pure bred Hampshire ram, shoats 50 to 60 pounds, coal brooder stoves, new virgin wool blankets, china pitcher and wash bowl, turkey feathers and poultry fertilizer. We want lumber, new or used, two single or three-quarter wooden beds and many other things. F — 209

Perfect copies Modern Library for old time dime novels like Beadle, Collier, Carter, Merriwell, etc. F — 210

Have 6 old carpenter's planes (wooden), all different, and some old stencils. What will you offer in books or? F — 211

Are you tired of the stuffy life? Then you'll be interested in my nearly new waterproofed canvas teepee, suitable for winter camping. 10′ height and diameter, will sleep two with a small fire. I want tools, old or reproduction furniture or horticultural books. F — 212

Wanted: cup plates and salter, 5″ high, hole in bottom. Have books, old glass and blue dishes. F — 213

Advertising manager with 15 years experience will swop some of spare time preparing advertising material that pulls — letters, folders or newspaper ads — in exchange for your products if useable to him. F — 214

Fine watches of all kinds in good running order to trade for other watches and movements; microscopes, gas engine, etc. Write first, send stamp. F — 215

Man's black fur coat size 36–38, not expensive but warm and in good condition, to swop for 500 old stereoscopic slides of Civil War views. F — 216

Will swop village property, 9/10 acre on concrete road in Merrick, Long Island, N. Y. . . . value about $3600 . . . for farm with tourist camp and gas station, or site for such, on main highway at or near prominent lake. Or what have you to offer? F — 217

I'd give 10 years of my life or *anything* you ask for, if you would send me a complete set of Thoreau's Journals (14 vols.). F — 218

You can have a good pair of men's motorcycle boots, size 8, for something interesting to a person building a new house. F — 219

A professional portrait of you, your dog, horse, cat or ancestor, will be swopped for nice old piece of furniture, weather vane or what have you? F — 220

What am I offered in swop for bound newspapers of Bangor and Augusta, Maine, "The Democratic Dog," Jan. 5, 1844 to Nov. 20, 1844, "The Age", Jan. 4, 1845 to April 5, 1845. Papers in good condition. F — 221

Have Chinese painting on silk of a cat, Ming Dynasty, worth $1000. It bears Emperor's seal, and is mounted and framed in teak stand about 4′ high. Formerly owned by David Belasco. What am I offered? F — 222

Knowing that there are crippled children, adults and convalescents, who need the best of care but have little money, Packard Manor Home Schools offer to swop their services for food stuffs or something of real value. Give full particulars. No obligation. You can be of service, too! F — 223

I skim magazines and will then ship them express collect to you once or twice a month. LIFE, NEW YORKER, JUDGE, COLLIER'S, COSMOPOLITAN, AMERICAN, RED BOOK, PARENT'S, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, BETTER HOMES & GARDENS, etc. I want, next spring, little pigs, turkey, pheasant, mallard, brown leghorn eggs, edibles or what have you? F — 224

Wanted: Cherry or mahogany drop leaf table. I have gent's good winter and spring coats, size 36, jewelry, antique andirons or what would you like? F — 225

Be a beeg beezness man. I have LaSalle Business Administration Course, complete and like new. Want sporting goods, typewriter, firearms and tell me what you have. F — 226

I want March 1922 and January 1923 issues of the READER'S DIGEST. Will swop similar number of issues we don't want. F — 227

Have floor clock, 6′ 6″ high, open framework; perfect timekeeper, and strikes; age unknown, but pretty sure it is of some period near Noah's day. What am I offered? F — 228

I'd like to swop correspondence with descendants of Zachius Clough, 1725–1810, or descendants of his son, William Clough, 1768–1853. I've got considerable information about the ancestors of these men which I'd like to swop for information about their descendants. F — 229

Have autographed copy of "Buckskin Breeches" by Phil Stong, also numerous other books, some very new, some very old. Will swop for early juveniles, or groups of old family letters, diaries, almanacs. F — 230

Old handmade coverlet, size about 8′ x 10′, copper plate, good condition, also several old 2 and 3 tined forks with knives to match. Will swop for the right old clock or what have you? F — 231

Will swop 24 *National Geographics*, 1935–1936, for a home braided wool rug, not less than 42″ long (express charges arranged). F — 232

One large elec. windshield defroster in excellent condition; one Hades elec. fan windshield defroster; one new elec. motor heater: this is attached to motor; just plug in ½ hour before you start motor and you'll find it starts as easily at 30° below as on 4th of July. Will swop all 3 items for good portable typewriter. F — 233

Will swop books, sets or single volumes, for odd pieces of ivory or whale bone. F — 234

Want 5¢ and 10¢ weekly novels published before 1910, old *National Geographics*, old books, stamps, prints, swords, daggers, medals, autographs. Will offer jewelry, books, cameras, field-glasses, etc. F — 235

I have player piano rolls, large pair lady's skates, small non-oscillating elec. fan, a few covers with old U.S. stamps on. I want portable victrola, saxophone or clarinet sheet music, used Xmas cards or eats. F — 236

(*Continued on page 40*)

Our Contributors

JACK FETH says: "I suppose I'm practically a Yankee — by adoption, anyhow (meaning that I did the adopting, of course).

"Five summers in Connecticut, four years at Dartmouth which graduated me in 1934, and a year of hard labor with the Outing Club in the financial and news service ends, have done a lot to take the curse of New York State (Bronxville) birth away.

"Outside of skiing and hiking on the White Mountains, canoeing, reading and singing like a meadow-lark in the Spring are my favorite recreations.

"Experience with the Outing Club includes three years in Cabin and Trail, membership on the D.O.C. Council in 1934, and on the Carnival Committee the same year — and now the year just past when I served as Assistant Manager."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON, of the Yale School of Drama, needs no introduction to our readers. Not only is he well known for his playwrighting courses there, his dramatic criticism in years past in the *New York Sun* and the *New York Tribune*, etc., etc., and his book reviews in the New York papers, but every nature-lover in and out of New England is familiar with his many books on the outdoors. Mr. Eaton has appeared in *Yankee* before with "Yankee Speech Rhythm," "Lament for the Picket Fence" and "White Paint."

OLIVER JENKINS is well-known to our readers, for, until he left to devote his time entirely to writing, he was poetry editor of *Yankee*. He is working on a novel now and from time to time he turns out a short story. Lives in Concord, N. H.

ZORA PUTNAM WILKINS has had a corner on the book-making market, it would seem. For eight years when she was Professor Hugo Munsterberg's secretary, she took dictation for 13 of his books. Then she worked for Professor Copeland at Harvard on "Recent Economic Tendencies in the United States" which went into a book. And with Don Ferguson she wrote the unemployment chapter of "Waste in Industry" published in 1921. Then she revised A. S. Dewing's shorter textbook, "Corporation Finance" and subsequently helped him in revising the long one, "Financial Policy of Corporations," not to mention making a colossal index of that volume, which she says for dullness constitutes her highest achievement.

On her own, Miss Wilkins published "Letters of a Business Woman to Her Daughter." But she begs us not to assume anything, since she has no daughter and no husband — but just a Victorian-looking Newfoundland dog with a secret love of garbage pails.

WALDO GLOVER was born in Groton, Vermont, but lives now in Winchester, Mass. His chief concern in life has been in the educational field: for 13 years in Vermont, and 7 in Massachusetts, he has been teacher, principal and superintendent of schools and since 1926 has been Vermont and New Hampshire agent for Ginn and Company, publisher of educational books. Besides writing many articles on education and folklore, he is author of the book, "Abraham Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel of Vermont" published in 1936.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE for YANKEES EVERYWHERE

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Mrs. Margeret Hawkey announces the marriage of her daughter, Beth Hawkey Tolman, to Joseph Barrell, on January 1, 1938, Dublin, New Hampshire.

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Peter Stackpole

After classes at Hanover . . . Skiing . . . Old Dartmouth Row in Background

HYAH, CHUBBER?

A Campus View of the Dartmouth Outing Club

By JACK FETH

"They were all 'queeries' then"

It was the year 1909. Three fellows – Dartmouth juniors – sat in a room on "Bedbug Alley" in Old Dartmouth Hall looking down on the snow-covered campus. Beer mugs in hand they were passing a typical Saturday afternoon nibbling bits of cheese, cursing the weather, and spitting now and again at the red-bellied wood stove to hear the sizzle.

"There," said Red a shade sadly, "goes that crazy Harris, again."

"Honestly," Martin replied, looking too, "I do think he and his friends are a bit queer – going skiing! And in this weather!"

Tom shook his head in sorrowful agreement and spat an unusually fine sizzler on the hottest portion of the stove.

A small cloud of steam rose languidly in the heavy air of the room.

* * * * *

". . . That crazy Harris" is today one of the outstanding figures in the history of the Dartmouth Outing Club. Pioneering the ski trail in the Hanover area while an undergraduate, Fred Harris (Dartmouth '11) now a resident of Brattleboro, gathered a few brave souls around him, and tentatively brought into being an organization which today is outstanding for activity and wide membership on the Dartmouth campus and which has become a model for the formation of similar out-of-door organizations on college campuses literally all over the country.

However, even before Harris's time, Dartmouth occasionally saw a pair of skis. Dr. J. B. Thomes, now resident of Pittsfield, heart of the Western Massachusetts ski country, tells of coming to Dartmouth in the winter of 1892 and of purchasing a pair of homemade skis made by a Swede in Cumberland, Maine. These skis, now on display in the ski museum in Hanover, are the first pair on record as having been used by a Dartmouth man.

Four years later one John W. Ash and his companion, Ralph S. Wilder, undertook the making of a pair of skis apiece with which, after "rubbing them with tallow" they assayed the slopes of the Vale of Tempe, falling not a little, but gradually building up a fairly satisfactory "*schuss*" technique.

By the turn of the century, "Doc" Leland Griggs, who is now a member of the Dartmouth faculty and is famous for his strawberry shortcake cabin feeds in later Club history, and Dr. Howard N. Kingsford, at present connected with the Dartmouth Medical School, were promoting enjoyment of the out-of-doors both winter and summer, even going so far, in 1908, as to

Dartmouth Outing Club

Ike Weed, Art French, Pete McLane doing things about it in one of the Dartmouth Outing Club cabins after a day in the open

spend a night on Moose Mountain camped under a sloping rock in an attempt to ascertain how well such a surface would reflect the heat of a campfire. This wintery excursion in the interests of camping science was made something less than comfortable, the story goes, by the fact that the experiment proved so successful that the camp was almost flooded by a torrent of melted snow-water.

The late Prof. John Poor of Dartmouth likewise was one of the early faculty members of the Club. It was he of whom the story is told about being mistaken for a janitor by an incoming freshman. He was asked to help the yearling with an unusually heavy trunk, acquiesced, and received a nice 25-cent tip. He later returned it to the frosh when that gentleman, covered with confusion, found himself sitting under Professor Poor's tutelage in an astronomy class.

But it was really not until the enthusiasm of Fred Harris brought together a group of like-minded individuals, faculty and student, and until Dr. J. M. Gile of Hanover had given the embryo Club the use of a woodchopper's shack at the foot of Moose Mountain that anything in the way of a formal organization resulted. It was, then, in January of 1910 that sixty men answered the call of Mr. Harris and drew up a pact, the first constitution of the D.O.C.

Fred Harris was, naturally enough, first president — an office which today as Honorary President of the Club, he still has just claim to. Another Yankee, Clifford S. Lyon, of Holyoke, Mass., was the Club's first secretary-treasurer, while an Ohioan, Walter P. Greenwood, filled the vice-presidential shoes.

It would be tedious to attempt a recital of the growth of the Club through all its phases. Suffice it to say that the Club did grow until the War period. Then, after suffering a slight set-back, it mushroomed with renewed vigor until today it is a firmly established part of the Dartmouth tradition; its activities cover the entire period of the College year and continue apace throughout the summer; its membership embraces annually about half the entire College enrollment; it sponsors the ski team and the skating team, the only athletic organizations on campus not controlled by the Dartmouth College Athletic Council, whose members regularly receive the Dartmouth "D"; it operates the D.O.C. House in Hanover and the Moosilauke Summit Camp on a mountaintop in Warren, N. H.; it owns a chain of eighteen cabins throughout the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire; it has a budget running annually into several tens of thousands of dollars; it employs four persons throughout the year and numerous others part time — yet its basic policies and the responsibility for carrying on much of its program rest still in undergraduate hands. The "queery" of the past who dared to venture the winter hills on snowshoes or skis, has become almost the accepted pattern of the Dartmouth man in winter.

II

"Who's a 'queery' now?"

The last ski census taken in Hanover — admittedly an estimate, but a conscientious, conservative one — puts some 1,700 pairs of the wooden runners in active service each winter.

When you consider that the College population is about 2,300 including graduate students and associated

schools, the conclusion as to whether the average Dartmouth man in 1937 skis or does not ski, is pretty obvious.

Gone with the red-bellied stove is the predominance of the winter sit-at-home-and-spitter. Steam heat and streamlined skis are definitely the order of the day for the Big Green undergraduate. Each afternoon that sees skiable snow on Hanover's many hills, sees Dartmouth out in force making the most of the opportunity. Freshmen watch with envious eyes while sophomores throw a neat *christy* and seniors (if they're good enough) swoop down Oak Hill alongside the Ski Tramway which carried them uphill, and glide through a pretty *tempo* at the bottom, ready for the next ride. And freshman and senior alike, glare in exasperated admiration as seven-year-old Bruce, son of the physics professor, comes pouring down the hill at a good clip and does a neat and nonchalant jump-turn in the deep stuff over near some rocks which the average skier carefully avoids.

All Hanover skis. At least so it seems when you go out of a crisp winter afternoon and see matron and maid, tutor and untutored, *stem, herringbone,* and even now and again *telemark* on the golf course slopes, *christy* in the Vale of Tempe, or flow smoothly in good *langlauf* form along the flats.

All Hanover falls, you conclude, when you trip over three-year-old Katherine on her tiny runners or snag a ski on the tips of burly Oscar's seven-foot-six monstrosities.

All Hanover has a lot of fun in the snow. You just conclude that from watching faces and listening to laughs.

Peter Stackpole

Many of the spectators at outdoor evenings stay to dance on the ice after the performance. Some trouble is encountered when slick boots meet slick ice

Now not even the most rabid exponent of the Outing Club is going to pull a flat, unequivocal "We did it" on you. But there is no question that the influence of the Club has been strong in bringing on the cult of the ski in Hanover and throughout New England. This point has been often made and it is not my intention to labor it here. Rather would I show how the undergraduate of today reacts to it all. To the skiing primarily, and to the rest of the Club program on the side.

It's a long way up, but the return trip is surprisingly fast

Dartmouth Outing Club

III

"Hyah, Chubber?"

Three or four years ago, an editor of the *Daily Dartmouth* had a brainstorm. At the height of the tempest he sat down and composed a series of short articles on campus types. "Joe Smoothy," the athletic big-shot with a large "D" on his chest and an equally magnificent hiatus in his top story, and the greasy grind all fell before this journalistic crusade. And "Chubber, the Outing Clubber" too came in for editorial consideration. It was a pat name, and it took. Even today the word is heard on campus. It describes the ultra-unconventional member of the organization — the man (yes, he does exist) who prefers a constant, year-round costume of dungarees and flannel shirt to the more normal campus garb.

For a year following the birth of "Chubber," there was a nasty sneer in the voice that used the word. Today it has become more or less accepted campus argot and is spoken more often with a light, friendly touch than with the taint of bitterness and dislike. It is heard much more often now than it was when first coined — but the implication has utterly changed.

"Chubber" in its modern tone of voice, represents pretty much what the campus thinks of the Outing Club. There is that group of ardent out-of-door enthusiasts to whom the Club is pretty close to the be-all and end-all of existence. They hike and camp and fish and ski with impartial abandon and unflagging enthusiasm. To them, "Chubber" is a caste-mark and they

both resent being so designated and thrill to the implication that they are of the meat of the organization.

The middle range is represented by the man who holds office in the Club, perhaps – at least is a member of Cabin and Trail, an elective body within the organization – but who may have outside interests as well, and who will occasionally wear a necktie to class just to show he has one.

The great body of men on campus might be called semi-"Chubbers." Most of them participate in Club activities in the winter. Skiing is the great bond here. And many of them join the Club each year to participate in the planned activities sponsored by the D.O.C. and to gain membership privileges. These men will, many of them, take the senior Mt. Washington Trip their last year – a ski and climbing week-end centering activities in Pinkham Notch and combining skiing in Tuckerman's and on the Wildcat, with a wintery climb of New England's highest mountain – and come back swearing at themselves for having neglected Outing Club trips so long.

Last year, for example, a prominent member of the senior class whose other activities had cut the D.O.C. pretty much out of his personal picture, was persuaded to join the Mt. Washington Trip. Standing in the bowl of Tuckerman Ravine, watching the skiers go by, he turned to a "Chubber" companion and said "Gee, I never realized how much there was to this Outing Club stuff!" And from then on, he participated in the program whenever he could, and took occasion several times, publicly to comment on the worthwhileness of the D.O.C. as an organization on campus.

Finally there is the small group which can see no good at all in the Outing Club. To its members, the "Chubber" is anathema – to be shunned if possible and sneered at. Such views are held by but a tiny minority whose weight in campus amounts to very little. "Chubber" – and not infrequently the entire rest of the campus – looks down his nose at this group and passes on.

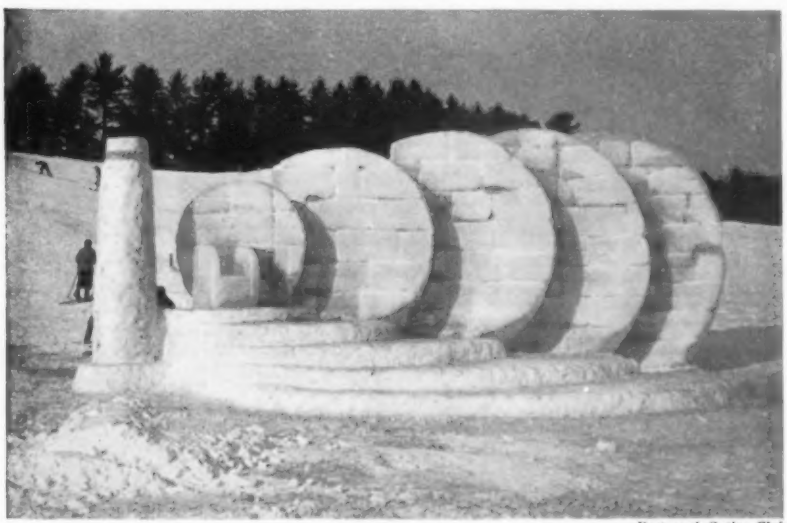
For reasons a bit hard to define, the Outing Club creates in its adherents a powerful loyalty. For the true exponent of the out-of-doors, it represents almost everything that on another campus he would find in his fraternity – companionship, excitement, an outlet for his extra-curricular energies, and a chance for recognition by his fellows. He is usually a member of one of the Greek Letter fraternities on campus as well – he may even be an officer of his fraternity – but his heart and much of his finest efforts center on the D.O.C.

Perhaps a large part of the explanation for this loyalty lies in the fact that the Outing Club since its inception has been primarily an undergraduate organization with its policy and program largely in undergraduate hands. Although today, a graduate general manager, a manager for the D.O.C. House in Hanover, a full-time secretary, a woods technician, and a professional ski coach are on the pay-roll, still it is the undergraduate member of the several councils, the member of Cabin and Trail, and the undergraduate hiker and skier who bring life to the program, who plan and execute and who reap the benefits of varied experience and an active, up-to-the-minute organization.

Nor is the support of the Club limited to the out and out "Chubber." Last winter, when St. Peter threw a fit of the sulks and steadfastly refused snow until a week before Carnival, the D.O.C. found itself – having made an especial appeal for help – with over 300 undergraduates actively engaged in helping the Carnival Committee make preparations for the big week-end show. This aid ranged all the way from turning out with pen and typewriter stories on the forthcoming event for news-hungry papers, to standing for two hours at a time on the icy surface of the pond being built up on the golf course for the Outdoor Evening figure skating, nights as well as during the day, and applying a fine water-spray from a garden hose while the temperature went lower and lower. Another 300 were busy in the fraternities, creating snow and ice sculpture for the interfraternity contest and preparing the houses for the influx of 1,200 girls. These were not working for the Club, of course. But their work counted strongly to make Carnival the success it was.

Casting back for a moment to the statement that for some of its members the D.O.C. is more of a fraternity than their own Greek Letter societies, we run across another interesting phase of fact about the Club. In the seven years of my association with the organiza-

The icy throne of the Queen of the Snows at the 1937 Winter Carnival



Dartmouth Outing Club

Crampons and poles help on the icy slopes of Mt. Washington

Wm. Nias

Dartmouth Outing Club

He soars through the air with the greatest of ease

tion, I have never seen an Outing Club election in which fraternity politics played a noticeable part. It has so happened that at one time or another, S.A.E., Zeta Psi, or the Phi Gams have had more officers on the council than any other house. And still there was no bloc-voting, no attempt to perpetuate control by members of any one house, no influence visible on elections to Cabin and Trail, and generally no tie-up whatsoever between fraternity and Outing Club. Perhaps it is the fact that the Club seems often to come first in the thinking of the men, and fraternities second. Perhaps it is tradition. Perhaps it is simply that the Club is unfertile ground for fraternity politics. There is, to the best of my knowledge, no "perhaps" about the facts in the case.

For just about as long as the annual senior preference poll has been conducted each spring by the *Daily Dartmouth*, and as long as it has carried the question "What organization on campus has done the most for Dartmouth," the answer has come – "The D.O.C." Member and non-member alike have agreed on this point, and answered in all seriousness.

We of the Club like to think that distinction justified. It suggests that amid all the fun we get from association with the Club, there is some serious benefit accruing to the College as well as to ourselves.

If we have made it easier for Dartmouth men to know the out-of-doors and to utilize the great natural heritage inherent in our New England hills, lakes and streams – if our fostering of the ski sport has meant healthy winter recreation to many who otherwise would spend the glorious winter afternoons cooped up indoors – if stories of the Outing Club and its trips and its ski team have brought Dartmouth to public attention in the favorable light it deserves; then perhaps in some measure we are not unworthy of praise.

For ourselves, the story is more plain. In terms of enjoyment alone – healthy recreation – the Club repays our time and energy a hundred fold. And in terms of giving us experience in business transactions, an aesthetic appreciation of Nature in its normal as well as its grander moods; in dealing with our fellows in the office, on the trail, in pleasure, and in business; in learning to plan and execute what we have planned; and in giving us something of a standard of values, the Club has gone beyond what anyone might ask of an organization to present us with – a bonus whose richness we appreciate to the full only after we have been several years out of college.

In retrospect, I find especial pleasure in remembering a cold November night, much of which I spent sitting on a slightly iced, unfinished cabin roof, nailing down roofing paper by the light of a kerosene lantern and a flashlight while my trip-mates struggled with a tar-barrel stove which just would not cook the hamburgs and . . .

But that is really beside the point.

FOR A WINTER BIRTHDAY

By Nyleen Newton

This child has loveliest gifts of all:
Barberry, snowdrop, bittersweet;
Bannered flames to warm his feet.
Shining swords from eave and wall.

Stars bloom early for his delight,
He has time to dream in a fall of snow,
Trees may sing, and their boughs will show
Delicate buds of frosty white.

And when he is called from the mirrored street
For winter slumber, dark and deep,
These jewels to count as he falls asleep,
Barberry, snowdrop, bittersweet.

GANGDOM'S THREAT TO NEW ENGLAND

America's cancer — rooted in Chicago, fostered in New York, fed across a continent, begins its infection of New England — presenting the paramount issue of 1938

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

THERE have been 17 gang murders in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, during the past two years, all unsolved; about 50 throughout the state and probably 75 in New England. These figures may not be accurate. They are the recollections and estimates of police headquarters reporters who cover crime from day to day and are presented merely to give an idea of the extent of murder in New England. Accurate figures are not available. If police departments keep track of unsolved murders, they do not publish the tally because if they did, shake-ups would be as regular as morning rollcall.

The weekly take and handle in number pools and illicit book and horse rooms throughout New England is well up in the millions. Not less than 25 principal underwriters employ an estimated 6,000 agents and subagents registering bets on numbers and horses from pennies to dollars every day. Crime in New England is big business in which a merger is frequently effected by a murder and vice versa. David I. ("Beano") Breen is a case in point.

In one year Boston's untouchable Captain James T. Sheehan has arrested an estimated 500 pool agents and subagents. Not much happened to any of them. They were given light fines and a few of them received light sentences. For each agent plucked, two more grew in his place. They thrive like mushrooms. Some of the pyramiding profits of the principal racketeers finds its way back into legitimate business enterprise; the purchase of shares of stock, for instance, in various corporations. Part of it is invested in night clubs and in elaborate bawdy houses; or finances operations in the liquor, narcotic or White Slave traffic.

Roughly, New England gangland may be divided into the northern, southern, central and western districts. Connecticut, conceded to be New York territory, is excluded. The rest of the area has been staked out by 25 feudal barons, each of whom rules his own roost and generally respects his neighbor. When one encroaches upon the other's territory, there is trouble. There is no king or central gang chief to whom they are loyal or filial. A Boston gangster tried that shortly after prohibition was repealed and was promptly rubbed out. He was buried with pomp and ceremony and his estate still carries on his business in a small way.

These gang chiefs never meet in a body. A few of them gather occasionally at a prominent Boston hotel and they talk things over. Some of them meet regularly for the season at Florida resorts. They get along by agreement and compromise. Each lives as well as any sultan in history. They have good homes, expensive tastes, elaborate automobiles and large staffs of devoted slaves whom they pay well. Nineteen of them operate out of headquarters in Massachusetts; six out of Rhode Island. All of them consider Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont (particularly Vermont) as the sticks or "missionary country."

They have considerable power and influence. They contribute large sums to political campaigns. They hate publicity. One of them went so far as to have his picture pilfered from Boston newspaper libraries and Boston Police headquarters rogues' gallery. They prefer to be left strictly alone and pay large sums for that purpose. Some of them are frequently framed and shaken down by their own lawyers and the politicians whose bills they pay. They know it, but they don't know what to do about it and accept the situation as one of the necessary evils of their profession. The method by which a lawyer shakes down his own gangster client is very simple. He calls up the gangster and tells him either that he is about to be indicted by a grand jury, or he is about to be arrested in a drive, and that if the lawyer could have about $15,000, or whatever sum he names, he can square it with the authorities. Since the racketeer is doing business outside the law, he cannot be sure and cannot take chances, so he pays. The lawyer pockets the fee for saving the gangster from a danger that he never faced, and the gangster, in turn, puts the screws on his own hirelings to raise it and jacks up rents and rates in bawdy houses.

New York did something about a situation like this, and by cleaning

WHAT IS A NUMBER POOL?

"Number pool" to the sophisticated and worldly needs no explanation, but the sheltered and the guileless may wonder vaguely what is a number pool.

Hundreds of thousands of credulous, gullible persons think, or have been convinced by others, that they can think of a number made up of three or four figures which will turn up in a given place, such as the daily balance of the United States Treasury as published in the newspapers; or they feel that they might accidentally hit upon that lucky number, and depending upon their means, ready change in their pockets, bank balances and the intensity of their hunches or enthusiasm for gambling, bet a sum of money that they will pick the right number.

One man, or a group of men organized into a syndicate, bets great odds, ranging from 3,000 to 600 to 1 against the field of all bettors that none among them can pick the lucky number. Winners are paid out of the collected wagers of these hundreds of thousands. Paying bets takes about 5 per cent of all the money wagered and the one man, or syndicate, keeps 95 per cent.

Hundreds of thousands of persons can never be convinced that they are not lucky and the number pool thrives on their confidence in themselves. There are three major pools: The treasury balance, which uses the last four figures of the total; the New York Clearing, which uses the last four figures of daily bank clearings; the "nigger" pool, based on the daily figures of Tropical Mutuel Race tracks in its three-group races uses the last digit of dollars reading from top to bottom.

Side bets are also registered for a "box," in which the bettor wagers that he can pick the four (sometimes three) lucky numbers making up the figure, although not in the proper order; and a "bleeder," in which the bettor wagers that he can pick the last two numbers.

Pay-offs are $30 for a penny in a four-number bet; $6.50 for a penny on a box or bleeder. A one-dollar bet would bring $3,000 "on the nose," that is for the four figures in order and $650 for a box or bleeder, but the odds are 600,000 to 1 against you.

Courtesy U. S. Marshal John J. Murphy

New England's only Cabinet Member
Homer S. Cummings

UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL HOMER S. CUMMINGS SAYS:

Crime prevention is an ear-filling phrase which has almost as many meanings as the word "gentleman."

To the hard-headed police officer, grappling at close quarters with "the law in action," crime prevention is catching the criminal and putting him in jail. To the worried jailer, it is keeping him there. To the social student, underneath all his confusing talk of etiology and ideation, groupists and recidivists, inhibiting neuroses and familial configurations — confusing, I might say, not only to the average layman but to at least one Attorney General! — crime prevention is catching the would-be or might-be criminal before he commits his crime, and diverting him through expert guidance into the paths of virtue.

To me, as chief law enforcement officer of our Federal Government, crime prevention is all of these things in one. Together they could and should constitute what one person has termed "a streamline attack on streamlined crime." That they have not done so is the greatest reflection I know on the alleged modernity of our times.

There is something utterly futile about the last-minute task of piling up sand bags, dynamiting levees, setting up shelter stations, performing all the other acts which are so often left to the hysteria of the moment when the flood reaches its crest. There is something terribly tragic in any scene in which a helpless humanity struggles with a disaster which it could have prevented and which it finds too late has struck with death and destruction.

In the same way, there is something terribly depressing about the erection of prison walls to confine men who might have been saved in the first instance. But there comes a real satisfaction when we turn our hand to a task which will restore to the youngsters of this country some measure of that life, that liberty, and that pursuit of happiness which is their proper heritage.

house aggravated the condition throughout New England. A New York grand jury examining crime in that city discovered that a grand jury had powers to summon witnesses and to probe into things that district attorneys, judges and lawyers had never told them about. They promptly got out of hand, took the bit in their teeth, indicted gangsters and racketeers right and left. They became known as "the runaway grand jury," and because they brought in indictments of the city's foremost gangsters, something had to be done about it. Mayor LaGuardia appointed young Thomas Edmund Dewey, a courageous lawyer, who went after them with bare knuckles, and in a little while Dewey was knocking out trip hammer convictions.

New York racketeers and gangsters became panicky and left the city in droves. New England looked like a good place to come for sanctuary and besides New York gangsters have always held New England gangsters in supreme contempt as inferior workmen who don't know how to get full value out of such a rich field. Boston is New England's crime capital, and Revere, the Roller-Coaster town nearby, is to Boston what Cicero was to Chicago. Revere has always been wide open with crooked Beano games on almost every corner, gambling joints and houses of ill fame doing thriving businesses; roulette wheels both fixed and on the level, depending upon where one played. Bostonians go to Revere in much the same spirit as New Yorkers go to Harlem.

As gangsters fled New York, New England police noticed new faces and new types around the usual haunts and hangouts and soon it was known that New Yorkers were in New England "muscling in." New York trigger men, gun men and body guards were hiring out to New England racketeers. Revere was a popular hangout and it was inevitable that sooner or later something must happen and it did. Louis Gaeta was shot dead last Fall outside his new Revere night club and James Preston, later a fugitive from justice, was indicted and charged with the murder. The fact that Gaeta was the ninth person murdered in Revere in two years did not particularly focus attention upon his death; but the shooting was so raw and the aftermath in such bad taste that all Boston and part of New England became aroused.

HON. CHARLES F. HURLEY, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, SAYS:

The recent prevalence of crime is a challenge to our law enforcement agencies. This epidemic must not go on unchecked. Apprehension of guilty persons must be swift and commensurate penalties must be imposed.

Massachusetts accepts the challenge of the gangster and the criminal and places at the disposal of the Attorney General and the other law enforcement officers of the Commonwealth all its resources to combat the menace of crime.

In the public clamor and to-do that followed, District Attorney William J. Foley conferred with Governor Charles F. Hurley and they agreed to send Captain James T. Sheehan, famous on the Boston police department as an officer who cannot be bribed or frightened, and Assistant District Attorney Garrett Byrne into Revere to clean up the place. Sheehan set about it in a fearless, businesslike manner. He questioned the Mayor of the city, and then had the city's Chief of Police and members of the Police Department brought to the Metropolitan Police Station for questioning. There were predictions that the Mayor would resign and that the Chief of Police would resign, but in the end, nobody resigned and nothing of importance happened. After a couple of weeks, Sheehan was quietly withdrawn from Revere.

Preston, wanted for the murder of Louis Gaeta, and David I. ("Beano") Breen were partners and pals. Among other things, they owned the Ruby Club, a gambling joint in Revere, together. When the place was raided last Washington's Birthday and 300 players were arrested, "Beano" and his associates appeared in Chelsea District Court with a wad of bills and paid all the fines. "Beano" was fussy that way about his game joints. He paid for protection, and if he didn't get it, he paid the fines. Gaeta was a lesser racketeer in Revere, licensed to do business by the feudal baron who rules the gangland territory from East Boston to the Ipswich line, and regularly paying tribute to him. Apparently Beano and Preston, possibly with the support and backing of New York mobsters, were muscling in.

Beano Breen was born in Kerry Village, Roxbury, and grew up to be a tough guy. He hated cops from childhood, fought them upon any provocation and in early manhood became a

boxer. Wise enough to know that he would never be a world's champion, he quit boxing soon after prohibition and became a bootlegger. He owned several speakeasies in Boston, never carried a gun, despised police so intensely that he refused to pay protection money to them, and the door of one of his places was broken down 300 times. He was quick to use his fists, considerate of his customers and never allowed one of them to be clipped, rolled or robbed in any of his joints. Prohibition put him out of business. His reputation was such that he could not get a license to sell liquor legitimately, and trained to live outside the law he gravitated naturally toward rackets, organized and financed number pools, horse rooms, gambling joints and last year stepped into the labor racket furnishing strong arm men as body guards for employers, guards for their plants and strike breakers during labor trouble; or selling the services of strong arm men to unions out on strike to beat up and intimidate strike breakers. Beano always played both ends from the middle, and his enemies were so wide and varied in December that he was probably the world's worst insurance risk.

A few minutes after midnight on Thursday morning, December 16, 1937, Beano Breen walked into the lobby of the Metropolitan Hotel on Tremont Street, Boston, accompanied by two friends. They had been attending a banquet at a hotel on the other side of the city. A tall man wearing smoked glasses was lounging against a pillar. He walked forward, whipped out a gun, fired at close range and the bullet tore through Breen's right sleeve, seared his arm. Quick and nimble, he hopped and ducked as a dozen burlesque girls and hotel attendants dived for cover. The man with the smoked glasses fired four more shots and one tore through Breen's neck and lodged in his right jaw bone; then the gunman ran across the lobby out another exit and hopped into a waiting automobile.

Breen, now alone in the lobby, bleeding from the mouth and the left ear, straightened up, walked out the Tremont Street door and hailed a taxi. He knew the driver. It was his stand and he had ridden with him often.

"Hello, Brighteyes!" he greeted him. "Take me to the City Hospital."

Brighteyes blinked and stared at his fare as he opened the door and stepped in; threw his car into gear and rolled away.

"What happened?" he looked back into the cab.

"Shut up!" Beano answered.

Beano was rushed into the accident ward, placed upon an operating table and doctors prepared to probe for the bullet. State Senator Joseph A. Langone and a couple of his companions were soon by his side, ready to give blood transfusions, if necessary, they said. Police rushed to the hospital, but when they asked him who did it, Beano turned his face away, true to that stupid tradition of gangdom that the victim never squeals.

He died on the operating table at 3:30 that morning without revealing the name of the man who shot him; and later, when the medical examiner went through his pockets he found only a silver quarter. So general, however, is racketeering that the next day when a screech went up that Beano always carried a thick roll of bills in his pocket, three City Hospital orderlies admitted that they had rifled the dead man's clothing and had stolen $800 from his pockets.

Another public clamor arose — a demand for a cleanup of the county. Police Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty promised it, summoned the burlesque queens and hotel attendants to police headquarters; showed them Rogues' Gallery and one of them picked out a picture of a man who looked like the gunman who had shot Beano. He lived in Nashua and crack detectives went to Nashua to pick him up only to find that he was serving time in a Massachusetts House of Correction and was safely locked up in his cell on the night Beano was shot; but he had a brother, who looked much like him, and it was announced that the brother was probably the killer, but when police went after him, they found that he was serving time in the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield; and could not have done it either.

This will go on as long as New Englanders tolerate it, as long as they elect district attorneys because they are personally popular and not because they are competent prosecutors.

You can get away with murder in Massachusetts. Gangsters and persons of wealth and influence have done it. Money is power and *gangdom's power is in the wealth it accumulates in number pools;* five per cent to the winners and 95 per cent to the pool operators. With that money they can buy and bribe policemen and politicians; and it will go on until number pools are smashed.

When the Chicago laundry racket was at its height, a group of mid-western racketeers came into New England to inaugurate the system here. The success of the laundry racket depends upon stifling competition. A racketeer approaches a laundry owner with this proposition: "You're not making much money. Your rates are too low and we racketeers will make a lot of money for you. All you have to do is to jump your rates 50 per cent and pay us 10 per cent. We'll see to it that everybody in the laundry business in this territory charges the same high rate. They will all make 40 per cent and all of them will pay us 10 per cent. If anybody cuts rates, we'll wreck his trucks, spray his laundry with acid, deprive him of his customers and put him out of business. It's very simple. You pay us for protection and we see to it that you make plenty of money."

Some Chicago laundry owners went into that with their eyes open. Some were browbeaten into it, but when it was suggested to the New England Yankee, he baffled Chicago racketeers

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NO. 1 G-MAN J. EDGAR HOOVER SAYS:

The Federal Bureau of Investigation maintains a list of 13,516 of the most desperate, vicious enemies of society. Of these, 3,948 have been recipients of either sob-sister or sentimental or monetary or politically-controlled pardon or parole, not once but, in many cases, time after time. Every special agent of the FBI who has died in gun battle with criminals has been sent to his death by a gun in the hands of a paroled convict.

It is a problem to be weighed and attacked by every home-loving person. I ask that all of you give of your time, your thoughts, your efforts and your great power that this horrible tangle of misapplied clemency be stricken from the list of our problems.

Another barnacle which clogs law-enforcement — a monumental fake which has too long been perpetrated upon the American public — is the prison sentence which says one thing and means another. Prison sentences today are largely a matter of division and subtraction. The criminal knows it and takes advantage of it. There is no such thing as a life prisoner — the average man who receives a life sentence for murder serves less than ten years and the average sentence served by persons convicted of murder is only 43½ months.

A LITTLE WHILE TO NEVER

By BILL GERRY

WHEN you consider how they had been married a full year now, had a decent surplus of money, health and congeniality (however matter-of-fact this last), it seems equally matter-of-fact and natural that he should be the one to start talking about a baby. A certain spirit of tacit competition enjoined by the private lives of his business associates stimulated and demanded this. And for her own part she was willing enough, and not essentially afraid of her figure or anything else. But before she got round to making up her mind the neighbor showed up offering the cat, and for no reason she could clarify she felt obscurely relieved and grateful.

"It's a tabby," was the accompanying warning, which went to qualify the gift as slightly imperious, "but really just a kitten yet, and half-Persian."

The "half-Persian" was all she heard. And the plump fluff of gray and white in front of the radiant heater satisfied her unknown need by appearing sexless and small and self-sufficient enough to supply a kind of intangible extension course for the orientation of her maternal instincts. Meanwhile he kept prompting.

"I think it's about time we began to think of a baby," he said, and said it over again even after the cat arrived. Musing comfortably upon the creature, she would nod to let him know she had heard and felt amiable toward the idea. But she could only converge slowly toward any fulfillment. She was that type of woman, by nature amenable but quietly deliberate always, slow in the past up to the point of marriage and only now after a year beginning to become seasoned with awareness to and within marriage. She needed time for saturation with an understanding or a desire; she filled gradually in her own way.

"Yes," she would nod, "I'd like one, too."

Yet she was still speaking in advance of herself, so that the words were out on a stick before her mind with her trotting along after. And she did no more during this present beyond nodding and agreeing. Month by month she procrastinated, keeping the habit of a year's habits; yet she was something out in front of him, too, willing, smiling, saying with vague promise and definite nod, "In a little while." He kept moving up on her like time, but with the turn of the year and the ravel of winter into spring the "little while" still kept its elasticity. And she remained willing yet delaying, with no reasons against him and his wish that she could name.

Meanwhile, there was the cat moving also toward spring, the cat as the first thin wedge of third life into their two lives. The cat romped and dozed and cried alternately for food or outlet, making them both conscious of this new and indubitable entity which had to be absorbed and cared for.

Half the Yankee staff think this story is awful . . . the other half think it is swell. It isn't political. It isn't suggestive. It's just one of those stories you'll have to decide about yourself.

He seemed able to accept it in brief moods of his own desire and hence appear complacently gratified in giving it a meal when that involved his convenience. She watched him other evenings when they had guests and remarked to her private thought the curious way he had of picking the animal up to fondle it possessively the moment the guests began to praise its fur or face. It was only when it cried to be let out early in the mornings that he showed a first annoyance. She could feel his distemper as he grumbled out of bed.

She herself came to know the cat better, almost as a child, and thus drifted into a maternal humoring of its whims. She was not one to coddle or caress but the mere presence of the animal gave her pleasure through the lengthening days. Its first very faintest mew at the front door she would hear instantly. Then, after letting it in and pouring fresh milk into its kitchen saucer, she would find herself brooding comfortably on the later spectacle of its licking the burrs out of its tail. She would watch it for minutes on end when it lay curled in sleep, the while she was filling slowly with the acknowledgment of its place in her home; she was ripening with maternal desire. A time for other beginnings was shaping in her mind now, though she did not yet say so. She knew, however, that "little while" meant early summer, so that she could grow through fall and the winter's hibernation into green birth in another spring. She was settling all this in her mind as she hovered over the comings and goings of the cat.

It *was* a cat now, done with string playings and more and more caught up with a mature laziness. It was larger, more graceful, unchildish, feline. The first April nights fluttered about the windows, making its tail twitch furtively in half-sleep.

He, on the other hand, had the cat grooved in a routine of consciousness. It was for him merely something that was about. He paid scant attention to its presence and left her to feed its hunger. If, however, it thrust itself into his particular notice, squirming underfoot in a hurry toward the kitchen so that he perhaps stepped full on its tail or paw, she felt something ominous in the way he gave it no solicitation but only snapped harshly at it in disgust, "Well, damn it, if you *won't* keep out from under . . ."

Soon after, she found him letting the cat out at night before they went to bed so he would not have to get up in the mornings. She thought this completely sensible; but when it rained, as it did suddenly for one fierce spring week, she chided him gently.

"Oh, hell, it's got a place to hole up in all right," he answered. And there was nothing more to say.

But when the nights turned limpid in May they both knew the exact area of the cat's night exile. Almost without warning the darkness under their window commenced its eerie pulsation with tortured crescendos. Sex, the female, had become a magnet reaching into all the back-alleys of the town, rounding up a recurrent file of stealthy slinking fiends stealing like ghoulish gladiators toward inevitable combat in arenas of blackest shadow.

Even she would pitch and toss in bed, waking at last to the satanic chant; but always her thoughts were worries. Where's Winky, she lay thinking. She'll get clawed to bits. When her husband stormed out of sleep and bed to flare up the window and hurl invective and the first handy missile into the snarling shadow-corners, she would lean over on one elbow, drawing the shade aside, and so catch glimpses of

the gaunt shapes leaping away. Winky's so small, she thought.

She was glad when pressure of neighborhood complaint and his own irritation made him keep the cat in after that. But now its sex inspired all his impatience, as if that were something he had not known before. He swore every time the animal outwitted him and escaped into the night, or wailed intermittently to be let out.

"Damned nuisance!"

Slamming the door after it, he would glare at her briefly before resettling to his paper or the radio. She wondered that he should take on so about what was sheerly natural. She even laughed mutely to herself at his efforts to keep the cat away from the unending file of toms. Like a jealous father trying to hold an attractive daughter corralled through adolescence. In the daytimes she counted all the various prowling consorts, the yellow tigers and the black, the mangy whites with the vicious green glowering eyes. From under nearby bushes and back of walls she heard the constant low pulsating growls and moans, and only wondered now how it would all turn out, since it was inevitable, and hoped the actual mating would be with the gray Maltese which had appeared most recently to challenge all comers.

When a few weeks had passed and the cat remained slim, she could not share her husband's jubilance. Nor did she attend his abrupt shift of mood when results of a mating were at last apparent and definitely swelling. She gazed at him silently then, without understanding, for it seemed strangely as if the mere presence of the pregnant animal whipped up his vituperation. She stared in apprehension as he took to small teasings and cruelties that had the cat darting furtively under the divan and various tables. Yet he always kept smiling in these moments and under her look would subtly appear to be only playing. His hands were catlike themselves, moving lithely; it was difficult to trap him definitely for reproof. Always before she could speak out he was down on his knees coaxing it out, then curling it in his lap under his heavy stroking. A vague foreboding stirred in her at such times and she almost felt one with the cat when the latter's eyes gleamed taut with readiness for possible escape, while its throat hummed a camouflage. He never seemed aware of her silent appraisal. He was absorbed in an attitude now. Nor had he thought to mention the baby.

In the days which followed she found herself living bit by bit in the cat's shape. The period of night prowlings was over. The toms had vanished as mysteriously as they had come, and the cat itself was content to eat hugely and sprawl in increasing distention upon the floor. But at his hands its life, her life it almost seemed, became one of near panic. His eyes were always floating over it like a hawk waiting the instant to strike. Seeing it sleeping, he could not but seize it up roughly to toss in a cartwheel through the air. It was not that he ever let it fall; it was instead the way it screamed and clung clawing at his sleeves that startled her.

"She doesn't like that, Alex! Why don't you leave her alone?"

"Sure she does!" He whirled the cat up again. "There . . . she hardly made a sound that time."

He might stop now with her eyes upon him, but she knew he would repeat the same thing at other times when he was alone with the animal. He would continue to prod it with a blunt forefinger until it hissed desperately at him with quick claws. Its reward would be a minute of vicious pummeling under the guise of play from which it might escape only by a mad dash for sanctuary.

If ever there was sanctuary! He could always drag it out again from the most remote corner. If his mood were not over, he would do this, hunting it down from chair to table to door as if he were himself an animal, ruthless and predatory.

She was slow to estimate him, proceeding fearfully from episode to episode into a new perception. Sometimes, as when the cat tried to sneak food from the table, or coquetted with laments to be let out or in, she felt like cuffing it herself, and was momentarily glad when he did so and gave her relief. Only her cuffing would have had no malice in it. His way was different. She would not admit what she knew and saw shaping; she took things into herself slowly, coming up late with tardy reprimands. But ever again, and the more frequently, there were the cries she only heard: frantic, small cryings before a door in another room had slammed and she got the sound of his tread back to a chair.

The cat was greatly distended now. She thought: Now its time is so near he must leave it alone. Common kindness must make him. There will be a change. But instead she felt his persecutions increase, felt this only because it was always so hard to make black and white recordings of his subtleties. It was odd, for it appeared that he could not bear the thought of procreation in its actuality. She wondered if he were resenting the animal's fecundity because of her own delayings. Yet it shadowed her sense with its unnaturalness. How strange, she thought; and he wants a child. How strange his stubbornness against the normal progress of life.

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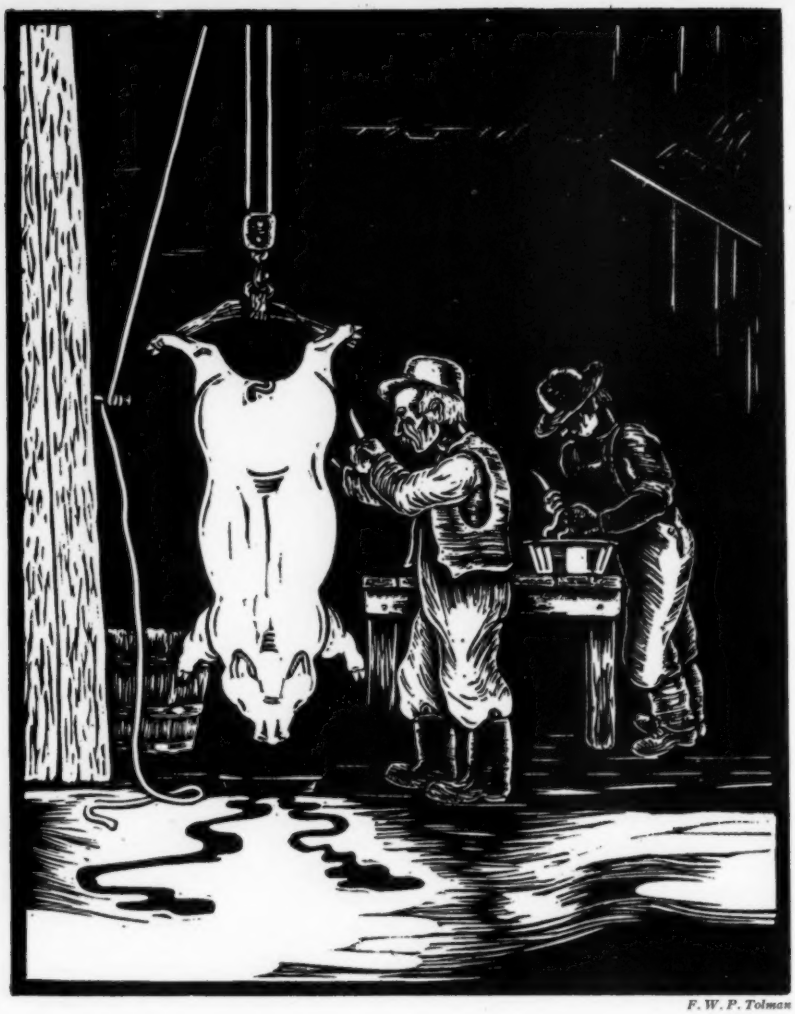


F. W. P. Tolman

A HEART THROB FOR THE BUTCHER

By WALDO F. GLOVER

BUTCHERING DAY was one of the big days on my boyhood calendar and it stood out vividly in the otherwise monotonous routine of Vermont farm life during the eighties and nineties.

Not that the bloody act of butchering the pig gave me any joy. It really was a serious handicap; for how could I rejoice in the slaughter of the pig I had named and petted and fed, whose bed I had made soft and cozy with rustling leaves and fragrant ferns from the back pasture, whose itching back I had comforted for a twelvemonth with all sorts of scratching devices, from my own bare hands to the iron-tooth garden rake? But the fates were against us – the pig and me. Butchering day was an established institution long before we became a part of the scheme of things, an institution handed down from prehistoric man for whom every day was butchering day. We farmers took butchering day for granted, therefore, and accepted it as a necessary evil.

The day was set in the late autumn or early winter, usually in the vacation between the fall and the winter school terms. The weather, of course, had to be taken into account. To be ideal, the day had to be warm enough so the men could work out of doors, without gloves or mittens, and it had to be followed by a cold snap of such severity as to freeze the fattest pig's ham to the innermost marrow. The success of the winter larder depended in no small degree on a good supply of pork, thoroughly frozen and packed away in clean sawdust or other insulating material, whence it could be brought out piece by piece as occasion demanded.

Butchering day always began very early in the morning. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that it began several days before its actual occurrence, for the reason that the butcher had to be spoken for, as did also the scalding tub which was jointly owned by the neighborhood. And all this, in the days when there were no telephones in rural districts, was no insignificant task. The butcher was not only our butcher; he also worked for the whole town or for such portion of it as was too helpless or chicken-hearted to do its own killing.

By a careful perusal of the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, supplemented by the advice of several of the oldest inhabitants, a certain day was determined to be the most propitious, and by a series of interviews, both the butcher and the scalding tub were engaged for the day.

It is long before daylight of a frosty morning in early December, with newfallen snow and glittering stars outside. Lights appear in the old farmhouse and presently there is smoke from the throat of the great chimney. The cows are milked fully an hour earlier than usual and the other chores about the barn are completed with dispatch. A crackling fire is kindled in the great brick arch of the sugar-house to heat the water for scalding the slaughtered animal. Presently the sun looks over the distant twin peaks of Kinsman, and still the bustle goes on. Breakfast is bolted; family devotions are abbreviated; everything is made ready for the arrival of the butcher.

Why all this rush and commotion, when everybody on the farm knows, or should know, from years of experience, that the butcher never puts in an appearance until the middle or late forenoon. To be sure, he is willing to work a full day – not a six-hour, or an eight-hour day (for such mere waifs of working days were not tolerated in this unregulated age), but a full twelve-hour day, if necessary. The unusual thing

about it is that the butcher selects from the twenty-four whatever twelve hours he wishes, generally preferring to work from twelve, noon, to twelve, midnight, with flickering kerosene lantern for two thirds of the time, rather than whatever daylight the sun will afford him on a short winter day. Mind you, I'm not criticizing the butcher; I'm only telling you that this is his way of doing things.

The fire in the arch is again and again replenished and the pans are again and again refilled with fresh water from the well. After hours of such tasks, the clear tones of the village clock, two miles away in the valley, ring out over the frosty air to inform us that it is already eleven o'clock, still with no butcher in sight! Just as Grandfather suggests that somebody had better harness old Katy, drive down to the village, and "drag that lazy cuss of a butcher out of bed," the tinkle of sleigh-bells is heard in the distance. A few seconds later, a horse and sleigh burst out of the woods at the turn of the road, and head in our direction, the horse blowing streams of white vapor from distended nostrils, and doing his best by successive trotting, racking, and galloping, to retrieve the precious time lost by his late-rising master. Up the road the horse races, spurred on by the noise of the cracking whip and encouraging clucks and get-up-theres. With a flourish that would have made the steed of John Gilpin or of General Sheridan green with jealousy, he gallops up the final grade and comes to a full stop before the great shed door. With a ringing "good morning!" the butcher, in bison-skin overcoat, throws down the reins and whip, disengages himself from his bison-skin robe, and rolls out of the sleigh.

Yes, he literally *rolls* out of the sleigh; for he is a very fat, short-legged man, scarcely over five feet in height, but plenty in girth, not unlike the pictorial representations of John Bull. But instead of the traditional English side whiskers, he is adorned with the traditional Vermont chin whiskers grown gray, almost white. His personality casts a spell over everybody, and no more crabbing is heard about the lateness of the hour, or the "lazy cuss of a butcher." It is agreed, however, that inasmuch as it is nearly noon, and food is in readiness for the company, it would be unwise to tackle the job until after dinner. So to dinner we go.

Now, if you please, the butcher begins his day's work by saying grace at the table. Grandfather, in keeping with the old-time New England custom which gives precedence to age, usually performs this solemn and dignified task. Twice a year, and twice only, does Grandfather forego this prerogative: once on the yearly visit of the minister, and again, on the annual visit of the butcher. The surrender of this prerogative, however, is evidence of Grandfather's good judgment as to the fitness of things, for the butcher is as adept at blessing as he is at butchering. And why should he not be? He is an elder and leading layman of his church.

The conversation is of especial interest to grownups — politics, both local and national, old-time reminiscences, together with a liberal seasoning of current town gossip. It is not until dinner is over, and the pig no longer a living, breathing pet, but a lifeless carcass strung up by pulleys in the great open shed, that there is anything of interest to a small boy, or to anyone else of a later day and generation. It is not till then that the butcher, *as butcher*, recedes into the background, and a most kindly human soul emerges.

Now there is work enough so that all can lend a hand. The scalding tub is partly filled with boiling water, and the carcass is lowered into the seething liquid in order to loosen the bristles. And now the carcass is lifted from the water, and all hands fall to with knives and iron candlesticks to scrape the skin clean. In fact so many hands are lent that the butcher, already somewhat out of breath from tugging at the pulley, withdraws a bit from the circle of scrapers; for scraping a hog is a job for unskilled labor, anyway. Why should a skilled carver of meat waste his energy in the lowly task of scraping bristles from a hog, when Father and Grandfather and Uncle and perhaps a neighbor or two who have dropped in on the basis of "changing works" are perfectly competent for the job? Why, especially when there is a small boy standing by, not only viewing the work with interest, but yearning to be taken into the confidence of the men — in other words, to be noticed? For you should understand that the small boy has no playmates at this party. No playmates, did I say? None except the sixty-year-old butcher who is still a boy at heart, and knows full well the heart of a boy.

"Let's see, young man, how old are you?" begins the butcher.

"Six," replies the young man, with some timidity, forgetting his manners.

"Well, isn't that odd? That makes you just a year older than you were when I was here last year. How do you like your new teacher?"

"Pretty good, sir," replies the boy.

(It should be noted that the butcher is also the superintendent of schools, and has a double reason for asking that question.)

"Do you know what a riddle is?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Can you guess this one?" continues the butcher, trying to bait the boy:

" 'Down in a dark dungeon I see a brave knight,
All saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight;
Silk is his saddle, and brass is his bow.
I've told you three times, and now you don't know' "?

But the boy had learned this, and twenty other riddles, from his grandmother. So the butcher tries one riddle after another until, "Can't guess it, eh?" cries the butcher with glee. "Well, think it over, and give me the answer when I come next year."

(Please note that the method of the butcher is similar to that of the *Old Farmer's Almanac* which propounds a column of riddles in one issue, and gives the solution in the next year's issue.)

"Can you spell *Beelzebub*?" questions the butcher.

"No, sir; haven't got to that word in the spelling book yet," explains the boy.

"Can you spell *the abominable bumblebee*?"

"No, sir; haven't got to that word, either."

"Would you like to know how to spell *the abominable bumblebee*?"

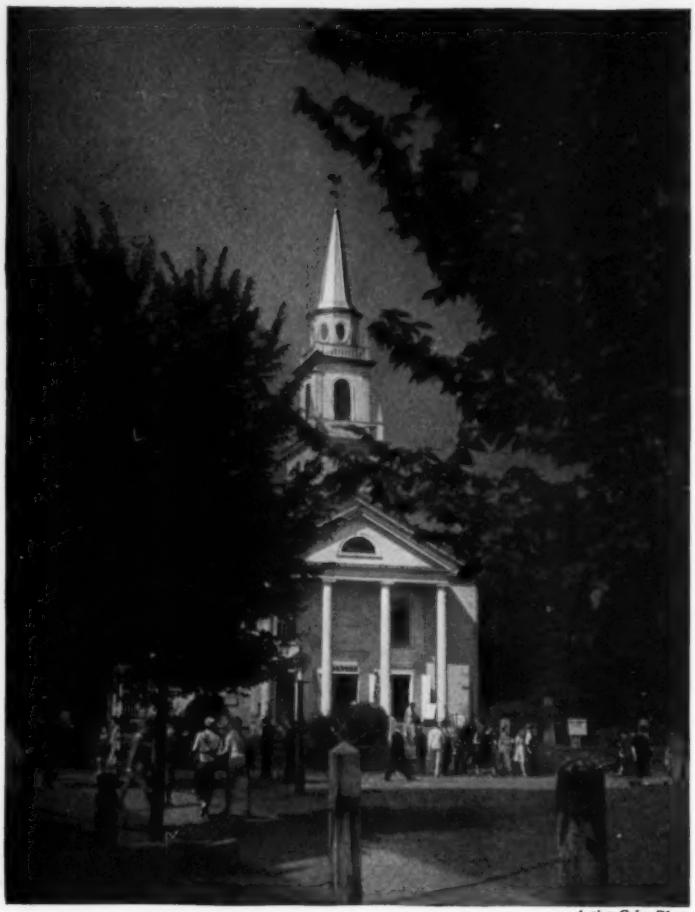
"Oh, yes, sir," grins the boy, with unfeigned interest.

Well, then and there, the butcher gives the boy a most picturesque spelling lesson.

You may be sure that by the time *the abominable bumblebee* with all its various ramifications is "spelled," the unskilled laborers have the hog scraped clean of bristles, and are waiting, chafing their hands to keep them warm, for the next move of their chief. Whereupon the butcher, excusing himself to the boy, turns back to the hog, and, with a deft stroke of his knife, disembowels the creature.

It looks now as if the butcher is all through with his attempts to amuse the boy, and is going to attend strictly to the business of dressing the hog. But no, the butcher still remembers the boy. Going into the hog's internal re-

(*Continued on page 29*)



Action-Color Photo

MAKING OUR TRADITIONS WORK FOR US

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

"I hope that we shall not be provoked into a better life, but live independently — as an artist that loves his work." — THOREAU

A SENSE of the past is essential for any ripe culture. It is also essential for snobbery. The past may be an asset or a liability not according to its own nature but to our use of it. New England has had a past more extensive and richer than that of most other parts of the country, and is probably more aware of this past, has let itself be more conditioned by it, than most other regions. Years ago the town of Medford was celebrating some anniversary and the local correspondent sent a flowery story to his Boston paper. I still remember our amusement in the office when the copy was read.

"Much of the past history of Medford," he began, "lies in the dim future."

A recent ride through Medford persuaded me that he was probably wrong, but how nice it would have been for that suburb if he had been right! The test of value for the past in any living community is, after all, its effect for good on the present and future. A study of that Yankee past of which so many of us are proudly aware, in relation to our present activities, to its influence or lack of influence on our creative lives in 1938, would be worth making, however difficult to carry through into the subtler regions of the spirit.

We are, for example, justly proud of the Concord group, and especially of Emerson, who, most of us would agree with Van Wyck Brooks, is the chief bloom of New England's flowering. We can trace that flowering to a renaissance of the free spirit through the humanistic revolt against Calvinism. We can see Emerson as part of a process which began in Geneva and was brought to the New World in a curious purity, there to work out its evolution almost undisturbed. But it is infinitely more difficult to find the application to our own day. Neither our stock nor our point of view exists in any purity now, nor undisturbed. Indeed, an alien stock and a totally alien religious philosophy rules many of our cities and at least two of our Commonwealths. Even were it possible to bring about a creative expression in the arts by deliberately taking thought (which is doubtful), who would know how to start the process in the New England of today? Should we turn again to Concord, or fall back on Pawtucket? We have our literary past, our classics of self expression; but they are doing us little good as stimulants to current self expression. Indeed, we have pitifully little current self expression in the arts. We have shrines to Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Emerson, and the rest, but what little living literature we are creating is chiefly a nostalgic escape into the past these men knew as a vivid present.

Let us leave this difficult region for one more external and easy to grasp. A precious New England heritage was physical beauty – beauty of nature, beauty of architecture, beauty of town planning and planting. The natural beauty was appreciated by our ancestors even when they were inexpressive about it, and a love for it is deeply implanted in many of our hearts. It has frequently been said in scorn of the Puritans, that they had no art, even that they were hostile to art. They were hostile to certain manifestations of art, for quite other than esthetic reasons. But they were deeply appreciative of art in such forms as they could morally

approve, and in their narrow channel they ploughed deep. They set their charming houses around central greens to create a picture and a communal focus, they planted magnificent aisles of elms and maples, they built churches of exquisite proportion and detail. The New Haven Green, with its superb meeting houses in the center, and the beautifully proportioned dwellings around it, must once have been thrilling. There is nothing finer in old England than Litchfield village, laid out like a cross on its hill top, four rows of elms making of roadways and walks a central aisle with narrower side aisles, and splendid houses everywhere. Nor could it exist anywhere but in New England. It is as indigenous as maple syrup. To say there was no art here is to utter nonsense.

What we sometimes seem by way of forgetting, especially in our Chambers of Commerce and our "publicity," is that this art was not developed and practiced to attract cash customers. It was the fine expression of a way of life, of a desire for dignity and beauty. It is now the fashion — an unfortunate one, I am sure — to point out that "New England's greatest industry" is catering to summer visitors; and the preservation of our old houses, our elms, our landscape, is put on the ground that they are what attract the tourists. That is, after all, a low, mean, contemptible reason, even when it "works" pragmatically, and is of scant assistance in developing a beautiful and dignified New England for the future. The neat farms, the fine houses, the noble churches of old New England were built of fine material, by trained craftsmen; they cost money. This money came from agricultural and commercial prosperity. If we have no further hope of such prosperity in New England than can come from selling oil and hot dogs to the tourists, the future is dark indeed. The beauty is to be preserved simply because it is beauty, and because it can be an example to us of how a purposeful expression of an ideal of living can be given concrete form.

Fundamentally, then, the task set us by the past is planning to restore industry, to put land to the best use, to make a decent and prosperous life exclusive of the alien tourists, certainly with them as a secondary consideration except in obviously "resort" sections. Cater exclusively, or even chiefly, to the tourist, and you get ribbon slums along the highways. Tell New England the way to prosper is to sell its "quaintness" and you destroy the very thing you would save. Build four-lane highways through the towns and the country for speedier motor traffic, to "open up" the region, and you soon have no towns any different from other towns across America, and no country.

Why should we not build highways for ourselves? I am thinking now of the so-called "super highway" from Boston to Worcester. It enables both tourists and trucks to get quicker to Boston, but because there was no vision behind it, because it was not built to make life more dignified and comfortable, it is not more than 25 per cent functional. If the same Puritan planning which conceived the New Haven Green (or for that matter the Jamaica Plain Parkway) had been reapplied to modern conditions, this highway would have been a parkway with sufficient land acquired on either side to screen out the traffic. Abutter entrance would have been rigidly controlled, and not too far out of Worcester on one end and Boston on the other, entire farms would have been added and converted into public golf courses, which would more than pay their way. Under such planning, a convenient and charming suburb would have spread out along the parkway sides from either city, in time practically to meet. The appreciation of adjoining land values would have paid the cost in a generation. Instead, the same hideous ribbon slums are now strung along this lane which are so familiar all across America, and one more approach to New England's capital city has lost all charm, dignity, even decency.

YANKEE *begins herewith the first of a series concerning our precious New England heritage. Egbert Hans, Massachusetts planning expert, and William Pitt follow Mr. Eaton's lead in succeeding issues, along with Mr. Eaton*

A Jew by the name of Robert Moses in New York has far more understanding of the present lessons of our Puritan past than we have. As the Puritans met new conditions in a new world and solved them in a way to salvage the decencies of life without sacrificing the necessities of intercourse, so Moses is doing in New York and on Long Island (and others have done in Westchester). Every highway out of a city like Boston, Worcester, Providence, Portland, Burlington, which is permitted to become a ribbon slum, by just so much more reduces the spaces of decency between the radial spokes, pushes squalor into the surrounding country, and spoils the region alike for our living and for intelligent tourist enjoyment. If we could only apply the Puritan planning for communal decency and dignity to the conditions which confront us today, and realize that to benefit from our past is not to copy colonial architecture in a town hall but rather to separate our domestic life from motor traffic, holding the latter in its proper place in the scale of values, New England could be made again an example to the Nation.

Let us labor this point further. Let us take the old Puritan city of New Haven, which is about to celebrate its tercentenary. The town was laid out around the spacious central Green, in which there came in time to stand three churches and the small state capitol (long since removed). Facing down the Green from the high side stood the old "brick row" of Yale College. Fine dwellings, a tavern, shops, completed the encircling ring of communal structures. Radial streets, leading to the harbor and the back country, were planted with elms as they expanded. As the city grew, of course, the character of the communal life around the Green forced the erection of a city hall, a court house, a library, a post office, and more stores, in place of the older residence. The college turned its back on the Green and developed their interior quadrangles to achieve privacy and quiet. All this was a natural evolution, well under way before the motors came, and because the Green was there could take place in an orderly fashion and with no loss of civic dignity and convenience.

Beyond the Green, however, New Haven still lives in the horse and buggy age. The main motor arteries out of town, of course, as in most of our cities, have been spoiled for residential purposes and are blotched with motor sales rooms, filling stations, chain groceries, and the like. (Witness once beautiful South Street leading into Pittsfield, Mass.) But the lesser avenues and the side streets, whether built up before or since the coming of the motor car, are

(Continued on page 37)

LINCOLN LEARNED MANNERS IN MASSACHUSETTS

— but was nominated for President in New Hampshire

By HENRY W. LAWRENCE

WHO was it that said, "Thank God for Massachusetts"? Probably several patriotic Yankees have uttered such sentiment, from time to time; but it was an eminent outsider who became more specific and characterized that ancient commonwealth as a sort of spiritual beauty-parlor for the socially uncouth. "With hayseed in my hair," said Congressman Abraham Lincoln, "I went to Massachusetts, the most cultured State in the Union, to take a few lessons in deportment." The lessons helped him a great deal; not by grooming him into a social "smoothie," but by increasing both his itch and his aptitude for becoming President of the United States.

In 1848, Abraham Lincoln was an obscure member of the House of Representatives and of the Whig Party. Since New England was showing signs of bolting the ticket in the presidential campaign of that year, several of the heavyweight spellbinders of the Party were sent up from Washington to help win the doubtful states by their eloquent speechmaking. Lincoln seems to have tagged along, or almost that. At any rate, he was by no means regarded as an important member of the delegation, and it was only by the merest chance that he got an opportunity to make a speech at all, in the city of Worcester. A rally was planned for the evening of September twelfth, but it had been planned a little too spontaneously. Several big guns had been suddenly asked to speak, and all had declined. The management was sweating in despair, when they heard that a Whig Congressman from Illinois named Abe Lincoln was in town. Him they urged to do the pinch-hitting; so Abraham went to bat, quite unexpectedly.

Like all Congressmen on or near the stump, he had a speech up his sleeve (in this case more probably it was in the top of his tall hat), and, unlike those of some Congressmen, it was a good speech. It lasted an hour and a half, and it called forth roars of applause. As the local pressman wrote it up, "For sound, conclusive reasoning and ready wit it is unsurpassed in the campaign. It was listened to by the crowded audience with an untiring interest, applauded during its delivery, and enthusiastically cheered at its close." Moreover, it was followed by invitations to speak at Chelsea, Dedham, Cambridge, Lowell, and Boston, all of which were accepted.

Don Forrer

The next day after Lincoln's Worcester speech, the Whig State Convention was held in that city, and a former governor of the state gave a formal dinner to the visiting statesmen in the evening. It was much the swellest social function that the bewildered westerner had ever encountered. He remembered it, if not actually to his dying day, at least for a long time. When he was President of the United States, he was still telling about it. "I had been chosen to Congress then from the Wild West," he is reported to have said, "and with hayseed in my hair I went to Massachusetts, the most cultured State in the Union, to take a few lessons in deportment. That was a grand dinner — a superb dinner; by far the finest I ever saw in my life."

Much as Lincoln doubtless profited by the social experience this dinner afforded, he profited far more, politically at least, by the meeting which he attended in Tremont Temple, Boston, on September twenty-second. He was a speaker at this meeting, but the chief orator was William H. Seward. What Seward said and the way he said it seem to have influenced Lincoln deeply. Seward was probably the first strictly high-grade political orator he had ever heard on the stump, and he was urging powerfully the paramount importance of the slavery issue, the futility of trying to dodge it. The effects of this oration on Lincoln are thus described by the late Senator Beveridge, in his recent biography:

"We can only conjecture the effect of Seward's method and manner on the speaking of Lincoln; but when we again listen to him on the stump, we find him making speeches so unlike those of the party politician phase of his life now drawing to a close, that another and entirely different man seems to be delivering them. Next day Lincoln said to Seward: 'I have been thinking about what you said in your speech. I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with this slavery question, and got to give much more attention to it hereafter than we have been doing.' One of the greatest qualities of Lincoln, if, indeed, not the very greatest," concludes biographer Beveridge, "was his eagerness to learn, his capacity to grow."

His New England tour continued from February twenty-eighth through March tenth, with speeches in the fol-

(*Continued on page 29*)

WE CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER BABY

By THE MOTHER OF TWO

Here is a striking insight into a twenty-dollar a week budget — when one considers that New England's average wage dips anywhere from five to eight dollars lower than this figure

My husband makes $21.61 a week. Probably there are a million other husbands in this country who make practically the same amount. These are not the families who apply for relief, but the self-supporting "poorer middle class" in which the birth rate is dropping and about which so many writers are highly alarmed.

These families, probably now supporting one or two children, are determined to have no more.

We have two children, one six years old, the other two years old. We have just finished paying for the younger. Now we are expecting a third child, and we are aghast. It was not planned. It was "one of those things that just happen."

But how are we going to pay for it? The average cost of confinement is one hundred dollars, fifty for the doctor, fifty for the hospital.

Like most typical American families, we budget. And as follows:

Rent	$4.00
Food	6.00
Milk	1.68
Car	2.50
Husband's personal	1.00
Wife's personal	1.00
Outside service (haircuts, etc.)	.50
Insurance	1.50
Lights	.65
Amusement	.75
Papers	.28
Church	.50
Fuel	1.00
House (toilet paper, replacing dishes, soap, etc.)	.25
Total	$21.61

We try to be a conscientious, idealistic family; therefore in order to be in a good neighborhood for the benefit of the children, we live in an outlying section of the city. We could probably get rent less than $16.00 a month in the congested tenement district.

I think our food bill is pared down to the minimum.

Our car is old and often needs repairs. The $2.50 takes care of those and the gas, for the husband must ride to work. Trolley fare would be $2.40, so we would save but ten cents if we had no car.

The husband's personal $1.00 accounts for his smoking, any treats he may bring wife and children, and for union dues.

The wife's personal $1.00 accounts for correspondence, stamps, cosmetics, her clothes, and yearly permanent.

The outside service pays for any haircuts, shoe tapping, blanket washing, etc.

The insurance is only for the husband and wife. There are no insurance policies for the children.

Lights are less in the summer, but the sixty-five cents is saved and accumulated so that in the heavy winter months there will be enough. Of course we have no radio, electric refrigerator, or washing machine.

Amusements cover any refreshments that may be needed for company, a rare movie, a magazine, Christmas and birthday presents, etc. If the husband and wife wish to go out alone, they must hire a high school girl at twenty-five cents, and sit in a movie balcony at forty cents — which just about eats up amusements for one week. If they don't use the extra dime for two ginger ales after the show, the dime can of course be added to next week's outing.

Papers include one daily paper at three cents and the Sunday paper. Other reading matter is usually donated by friends or by the library.

Church is self-explanatory. But if shoe laces, needles, etc., are bought from some deaf-mute during the week for twenty-five cents, the church only gets twenty-five cents.

Fuel includes coke for the cook stove, oil for the additional heater on cold nights, matches, kindling wood, etc.

House: toilet paper, soap, etc., is also self-explanatory.

As may be seen, there is nothing set aside for doctors, medicine, husband's or childrens' clothes. These must be taken from any unspent amounts from:

Outside service	$ .50
Amusements	.75
Fuel	1.00
House	.25
	$2.50

It is plain that even adding these four items will barely pay for a doctor's call and subsequent medicine — or for a pair of shoes.

How is this family going to pay for the new baby? Can one blame such families for determining to limit their progeny? They may desire college for the children they already have, but it can be only a dream.

The new baby will require clothes, at least a new mattress for the old crib, olive oil, and milk. Even if the baby is nursed, it will mean eighty-four cents more each week, for the mother will require the milk.

What is the way out? There are five answers:

1. The family must lower its standard of living with much cheaper rent, no church contributions, no amusements, no papers, no insurance.
2. The wife must work.
3. Doctors and hospitals must greatly lower their charges.
4. The state must subsidize all confinements and assist in providing for the child for a year afterwards for all families of low incomes (and with no stigma of "relief" attached).
5. Families with such low incomes must have no more than one child.

What shall the answer be?

BRIGHT IDEA

Why not follow the bright idea of N. H. State Trooper Fletcher Forsythe, who has had a special harness made for his Irish Setter? When Trooper Forsythe and his dog walk out after dark, the dog gets dressed in a special rig which is covered with reflector ornaments, solving, of course, any possible traffic troubles.

George Proctor, New Hampshire's popular game warden, in telling about Trooper Forsythe, also suggests that the idea be carried along to include everyone who rides a bike or walks on the highways at night.

WE TOUR SWITZERLAND

The third of this interesting series by New England's well-known novelist. Next month she takes us to Germany and Holland

By GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

Nov. 1. I sit on our balcony at the Schweizerhof in Lucerne. It seems a long time ago now that we left Paris on a Sunday; such a bad time to travel, especially with a child, on a continental train. We were crowded into a compartment, like chickens in a crate, with a French couple, obviously honeymooning, who held the window seats. Only cold water dribbled from the washroom tap. A single roller towel was supplied for the use of some fifty passengers throughout the day. There was an all-Italian menu in the dining-car, and of the four large, dark men at the table across from us, three had lost a finger; a detail I mention in this connection because I recall it affected our appetites.

But all discomfort spends itself. In this case, however uncomfortably, however unaware, we were steadily approaching not only the incredible grandeur, but, better still, the small, lovely magic of Switzerland.

I had not felt eager to see the Alps. I knew I could count on their being too magnificent altogether for me. By nature, I like medium things. As the afternoon wore on, and the hills grew and sharpened, I kept glancing out of the window, past a honeymooner, and immediately back in again, really yearning only for hot water and soap and clean lengths of white cloth.

It was undeserved that the sun, which had been behind clouds all day, should emerge just an hour before setting time. First, to turn Mont Blanc a warm and frosty rose. How could it be both? It couldn't, but it was. That is Switzerland. By the time our train had rumbled out of Lausanne we forgot that it rumbled, forgot we were on it. We clung to hand rails in the narrow aisle before wide open windows, and were standing on a lakeshore in a twilit world. The water in the foreground was deep blue, in the middle distance a soft, gray-blue flecked with light and accented by a few black fishing boats, and at the far side, which was not far at all, but very near, as black as the towering mountains themselves; and on all the mountains that truly wondrous rosy crown. And for the next hour nothing changed except that ever so slowly, gently, silently the scene darkened. Not a fading, more a brightening into darkness, each minute one shade more incredible, more suspended, more blue than the last, until it culminated in Montreux.

Now there are three.

The Victory of Samothrace
The Saint-Chapelle
Montreux on Lake Geneva

We might not have liked Montreux so much if it had been crowded with other tourists, but in mid-October we had it to ourselves. Only Swiss boys and girls in blue reefers and berets walked the streets with us and ate their éclairs and tartlets at nearby tables in the afternoons. Wood-carving and embroidery shops stood open and ready, but busy mostly with the turning of new wood and the setting of bright stitches for the next season. The trees were full of red leaves, the walks of yellow, and there was no one but my little boy to feed the swans.

We might not have liked the place so much if closed hotels gave us a feeling of desolation. But we had all grown up near the Maine coast where the closing of hotels means only that the town has reverted to its owners, that they may come out from their obscurity and live again.

We found splendid lodging. It was quiet. We heard at night nothing but the gulls, a few footsteps on the promenade, and the wash of waves when an earthquake rocked northern Italy. It was warm and bright. We had sun all day. It was inexpensive, for what we had. It was so clean it made an American want to sing — made an American admit that even in the United States hotel bath towels are, after all, only towels, not terry cloth cloaks, and that very few hostesses even in New England have a fresh white rug laid beside each bed each night, making it unnecessary for a guest to dangle his feet in mid-air while searching with one toe for his slipper. Our chamber maid, when not in service, sat at a little table in the hall and rose to curtsey happily when we passed. We felt she knew how perfect she was and loved it. When she was alone, she sang at her work. I know because I sat hidden, writing in this Journal, as she began to make a bed one day. When she saw me smiling at her, she gave an exclamation, made hasty apology, all in German, and hurried away. But as soon as the door closed behind her, she crumpled up with amusement. I know because I heard a bed creak, and her giggles, and then a long-drawn, "Oh-h-h, dear!" It was very charming. And all this time I sat in the sunshine beside wide open French windows looking out on an Alpine lake.

Singly and together we walked a good deal. Climbed Mount Glion. Drove to Geneva. Went often to the Castle of Chillon.

Of all the castles I have seen, Chillon is my castle. It is beautiful rather than brutal; bright and homelike. You cannot help thinking it had a torture-room only because all properly equipped castles had torture rooms, just as thirty years ago every American home had a den which later became an amusement room and now, sensibly enough, is used by each family to meet its own particular needs. Why a den for a man who enjoys the ladies? Or an amusement room for an old couple with lame knees and bad eyes? Or a torture room where every window has its box of red geraniums and even the dungeons look out over Lake Geneva?

I have often tried to imagine the satisfaction of the man who works in leather when he touches a hide and knows instantly, instinctively, its value and the best use to which it can be put. Or of the worker in metal that he can say at a glance how much heat a strip of silver will stand. Now, in Chillon, I, too, have had my moment. When I went down into Bonivard's dungeon, I felt the poem there — saw it in the shape of the columns and shelves of rock, heard it in the sound of lake water lapping far below, smelled it in the dust. Not Byron's poem, but what lay behind it, what waited there for someone to take and mold. You may say, "But knowing about Byron and Bonivard, you have no way of proving how it would have been if you had not known." I speak not of what I knew, but of what I felt. And it is not necessary anyone should believe it. It is important only to me that Chillon strengthened my confidence in myself

as a craftsman, and sent me away deeply happy.

A bright morning came when we took one of those sparkling, immaculate little electric trains which bear you over Switzerland like so many sturdy, lively, beautifully curried ponies. To the traveller, at least, everything in Switzerland reminds one of childhood, — the toys you had, the toys you dreamed of, and the grown-up world which somehow your toys encouraged you to believe you would find, when the time came, and take your place in. A country small enough for you to feel you could put your arms around it if you lay on the floor and stretched; full of sweet enchantment, with lakes, mountains, fields and pastures all its own, forever and unquestionably its own, with gay little houses and bright little trains, strong little men and plump little women in heavy boots, fat, tumbling babies in green yards, animals looking thoughtfully over trim fences, tinkling bells, twinkling fountains, tender, echoing carillons, yodellers high on the hillside. The utter cleanliness of house, shop, street, walk, and even sky. The very air washed hourly. Everything in its place, serene and settled. Stout. Brave. Shining. At work by day. Asleep by night. Perfection.

We climbed up and up, hovering a while over Montreux, and then leaving it reluctantly. On and up again, through the broad and sunny Kleine Simmen Pass. Here the conductor asked us, his only passengers, if we would have lunch. We nodded, and since there was no other car than that in which we sat, waited for the miracle which would produce it. We did not doubt, you understand. This was Switzerland. We only waited. It came at a frozen mountain station where a young girl with a round pink face ran up with three paper bags and passed them through the window to us, selecting coins from our hands in payment. She stood waving until the train took us out of sight, and we ate ham rolls, hard-boiled eggs, apples and milk chocolate riding down to Spiez, while sun sparkled on the snowdrifts of the deep forests on both sides of us as far as we could see.

At Interlachen our rooms faced the little stream which connects Brienz with Thun. Only this hotel was open. All boats were tied up and dismantled. The air was crisp with the smell of winter. Cows walked the streets day and night. We bought buns in the village and ate them in the hills. Our only fellow guests were a family party of Bombay people who dined with us one night in flowing, sheer white silk and brocaded sandals, and next morning, early, set forth, in the same costumes, to climb the Jungfrau!

The first stage of this excursion was by electric train to Lauterbrunnen, a neat little village we did not half appreciate until we had climbed higher by rack-and-pinion and could look down upon it, valley of a thousand waterfalls, dropped so low among the peaks that its sun, even in summer, does not rise until the middle of the morning and sets in midafternoon. . . . Then on over the Wengern Alp to look down the other side on Grindelwald lying there so quietly in the path of a glacier which sometimes travels nearly a foot in a day. . . . On again and up. A mile high. A mile and a half. Ski tracks ran smoothly down the narrow space and an unthinkably deep gulf. Into a tunnel, climbing so straight upward through the limestone wall that one could scarcely stand inside the car. And out at the top — into, alas, a hotel!

Renny Carroll and his Swiss playmate

The visitors lunched, talking of other trips they had taken. The little people from Bombay spoke excitedly of an even greater mountain they had climbed, a more intense cold they had endured, in China. I went out on the balcony, sat on the rail in the sun. Nothing there but two giant black crows, the blinding glare, and me. . . . A little later the others went inside the glacier, where the guide said a ballroom has been carved out of the green crystal, and chairs and tables. I crossed a plateau in a wind which took away the little breath I still had, and dropping down at the end of a boarded-up shack, I lay as warm, relaxed, and content as on the sand last winter in Nassau. My face toasted happily. And I was surrounded by millions of tons of ice and snow.

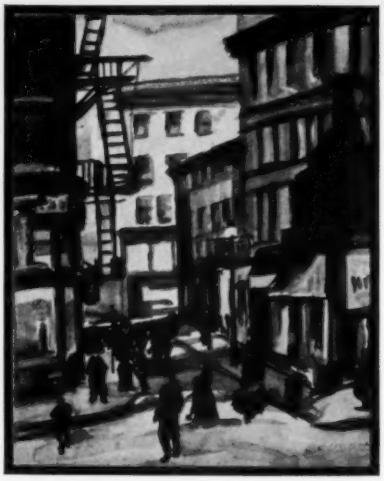
But riding down again toward Wengen, I decided the Jungfrau really was too high, too cold, too bright, too much to climb. There are some places man may think better of himself for not having seen, much less having tried to conquer. If man need think well of himself, let him leave the heights of the Jungfrau unscaled and the depths of the Grand Canyon unplumbed.

Lucerne is the largest town we have seen in Switzerland, and still not very large. We are constantly coming upon beautiful things buried in sweet, damp leaves and never missed, apparently, by those who went before us. One is a fountain topped by a little gamin who has got up there, it seems, to turn the faucet for any who want to drink. Something in his expression convinces anyone who knows boys that if you approach to accept his favors, you will be the worse for it, one way or another. We go to see him every morning, always his only visitors.

Our first day here I came alone, unsuspectingly, out of the shadow of a little old street into sunlit Weinmarket Square. I did not know where it was, even that it was. And my hope is that everyone I love may some day come upon it in just this way. . . . Fountain in the center. Paving blocks all round about. Circular surrounding walls of chapel, hotel, shop, and cottage lavishly, softly painted from street to sky — scenes of the Last Supper, laughing angels, wise men, Marys, and other vague, opalescent, haloed figures in glorious, flowing robes.

Of course there are the Bridges, too, the Old and the New — the New having been built as recently as the 1400's — with paintings after Holbein giving richness to their heavy, dark inside. The Saturday market is held at the end of the Old Bridge, with country men and women selling their vegetables, fruit, and flowers, their live white geese, and roosters with flaming combs. Lucerne has also the lion designed by Thorwaldsen and cut out of sheer rock

(*Continued on page 43*)



ICE

By OLIVER JENKINS

A slice of life that could have been taken from almost any one of our smaller deteriorated cities

THE glittering movie palace with its pretentious neon lights belched forth a blinking mass of drowsy men and women. Into the outside they came, into another world of noise and turmoil, breaking and swerving into stronger tides moving along the avenue.

Paul Hendrick was among them. He knew that he was going the wrong way and that the crowd was taking advantage of his revery, jostling him about in its mad rush. But it hardly bothered him; only an inner protective sense saved him from stepping in front of some motor car.

He had been in just the right mood for the picture. And coming now out into the temperate night, he could not shake off the feeling, the sensation of yearning, that beat in him. There had been nothing remarkable about the thing so far as pictures went, but sitting in the dark stuffy auditorium he had experienced a desire that was hard to stifle. It was the scene where the little dark-eyed girl placed the rose her lover had given her in her hair and went out into the yellow moonlight to dance. Sentimental rot, of course. But somehow. . . . He wanted to run after her.

Walking along the broad pavement, passing the gay and gilded restaurants and cafés, each with its own little coterie of smartly-clad women and debonair escorts hailing and discharging taxis, Paul thought of the girls in the office. He didn't care for them much — cheap little scatterbrains — and besides an office was no place to carry on affairs when a fellow might become traffic manager in another couple of years. Sometime he would meet the One . . . but in the meanwhile nothing, it seemed, went on except tiresome people, familiar happenings, the weekly conferences when old T.G. gave those moth-eaten pep talks to his "boys." Romance somehow had nothing to do with indices and memos.

Paul drew in a deep breath of motor fumes. The crowd had thinned a bit now, disappearing magically into places of excitement, although the avenue remained a bedlam of whirring motors and shrieking horns. The age of the machine . . . painted faces and knowing eyes . . . the city with its heart of granite . . . the monotonous chant of the ticker-tape . . . yet somewhere . . . somewhere . . . roses . . . roses, and yellow moonlight . . .

The black and gold taxi was right upon the girl when Paul stepped forward and snatched her back. The crowd crossing the intersection paused for a moment, one or two nervous women screamed, and then the stream filled in and went on as before.

But Paul could only stand there looking at the girl. Slight and pretty with dusky eyes, she might have been the girl in the picture come to life. She stood daubing at her face with a fragile handkerchief. She seemed unruffled by the incident.

"Thanks," she said. "I'm pretty careless."

Her voice was thin and hard, and Paul thought for a moment that she must not have spoken at all. Certainly, that girl in the picture — well, her voice was soft and gentle as . . .

"A person doesn't have much chance these days," he said. They had reached the other sidewalk.

"Oh, I'm always stepping in front of the damn things," she said. She walked with little, nervous steps, clicking her high heels against the pavement.

"Say," he said, "you wouldn't be —"

"I wouldn't be what?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Just that —"

"Say," she said abruptly, "you work for T. G. Allenson, don't you? I knew I'd seen you before. You go into Sadie's for lunch sometimes, don't you?"

"That's right," he said. He racked his brain, but couldn't place her. She wasn't a waitress there, that was sure. And not one of the regular crowd of stenos and office girls that ate in Sadie's. "Work around here yourself?" he asked.

"I live in the Crestmoor right here," she said.

The Crestmoor apartment-hotel. They were almost in front of it. Its bulk rose in the night, the words "The Crestmoor" in gilt letters over the entrance.

"Well," . . . Paul said.

"Coming up?" said the girl.

"You don't live alone, do you?" Paul asked.

"Just Anna and myself. You'll like her."

They went through the foyer and entered an automatic elevator. The eleventh floor. Before the door slid open the sound of loud voices reached them.

"My God," she said. "I might've known."

Paul wished suddenly that all of this would vanish. The whole evening had been like a dream. Now he wanted the dream to end. The movies and the encounter with this girl and the girl herself.

"Perhaps I'd better go," he said.

"Why?" she said. "They're a good crowd."

They went into a room thick with smoke and the smell of liquor. Paul saw a thin girl in a bright red dress and a dumpy blonde in a heliotrope-colored affair. There were two fellows, sort of greasy and wise-looking.

"Well, will you look who's here! Hey, Irma (so that was her name), where you been?"

"Come here, you," said Irma. "Anna, Elsie, Ed, Joe — want you to meet a friend of mine. Mr. — Mr. —"

"Hendrick," said Paul.

Ed and Joe stuck out their hands. "Glad to know you," they said in unison.

"Jeze, you're late," said the heliotrope blonde. "What about Dutch?"

"Listen, Anna, I'm off him."

"Sure, I know. Just till the next time."

"No, I mean it. I told him plenty."

"You're the kid that tells 'em," said Joe, out in a pantry.

"Say, you two got a lot of catching

(*Continued on page 43*)

Yankee Discovers a Poet

HENRY DUNCAN CHISHOLM

Robert P. Tristram Coffin, YANKEE's *poetry editor says:*

"Henry Duncan Chisholm is my best find as poetry editor, and I'm enormously taken with him, think he is as good as Frost in lots of ways. With their bedrock sincerity and loveliness and firmness and naturalness all together, his poems are so moving that I think it would be a great idea to print his three accepted pieces in one issue, together with a little something about him. . . . I think YANKEE readers will agree with me when they have read the poems."

HENRY DUNCAN CHISHOLM, whose address is Walnut Hill, Amherst, New Hampshire, comes of Highland Scottish stock. When he told us that he was born in New Brunswick and not in New England, we were terribly disappointed, but we cheered up when we realized that he was, by choice, a happy New Hampshire apple farmer.

He says: "I was born in a country of rolling blue hills, blue water, flaming sunsets and checkerboard fields on sunny slopes. My early recollections are sawmills, ships from all over the world, pilots, fishermen, lumbermen, Presbyterian ministers, Indians, birch canoes; summers on uncle's farm in Quebec with apple trees, a big house full of sportsmen, guns, fishing tackle, tents, fishing in the clear, cool water of Quebec River. I went to high school with trimmings of ruler and harness strap, to business college, and then I took a short technical course and went to work in Father's general store. Later I worked in Government survey work in the beautiful northern Alberta Park country where there are rolling prairies, shining lakes and the peaks of the Rockies plainly visible a hundred miles away. Then there was the lumber business on Gaspé coast – office, mill, woods, shipping across to Europe. Then another general store in Ontario and the post office in Niagara country. I was married there and soon we went to British Columbia, to the Kootenay Valley, the heart of the Rockies, where the lakes are deep and cold and the brooks full of rainbow trout, where there are snow-capped peaks and gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc mines, and fruit ranches. I grew apples there, cut logs and worked in smelter offices. Then we went to Detroit where I worked in Steamship Company offices.

And now, New Hampshire, the Christmas card, storybook land, where there are hill farms, lakes, hills, incredible miles of stone walls, apple blossom springs and painted autumns beyond belief; where are old houses on the shelves of hills, brick ovens, country auctions. I'm in the hills again growing apples and always writing verse but never expecting anyone to read it. . . ."

When we asked Mr. Chisholm for his picture he said he had none. We insisted, and then he obliged. "Combed the pine needles out of my hair on Thursday," he wrote, "and went to Manchester. Found an 'Art Studio' and they promised to mail you something Friday. Hope it doesn't look too much like me. Might be a reward out."

It is really quite fun to find a person like Mr. Chisholm – aside from his poems. His attitude is swell and quite unspoilable. Listen to this: "Of course, it is all a very great surprise and we (the Mrs. and I) can hardly believe it. Am afraid Mr. Coffin is over-enthusiastic, but will try to do my best if only to justify his good opinion. We thank you all very much."

CLOSE OF DAY

So near the end on that last day he heard
The cattle coming home. His white face stirred.
His blue eyes opened, and he said to me
"I hear the cattle coming." I could see
The old light in his eyes. The apple bloom
Outside the window perfumed all the room,
And rolled far up the hill to meet the sky.
It seemed the hardest time to say goodbye.

Goodbye to hills in the full tide of spring,
To orchard promise and to everything
He cherished through the hard but happy days
In stone-walled fields and pleasant orchard ways.
His life a quiet pool reflecting these
Homecoming cattle and the apple trees.
God lent him to the world a little while
To make a corner of his gardens smile.

Upon the timeless hills of over there
We hope the fields are green beyond compare.
If there is choice I know his heaven would be
A wide green slope with here and there a tree
Along a granite wall, an orchard set
High on the hill in ordered ranks that met
The dark of pines over the hills away,
And cattle coming home at close of day.

THE VALLEY OF BEEHIVE WELLS

Over a hill and far away
I found a valley of yesterday,
A dozen cellar holes, stone walls
And beehive wells. The Phoebe calls
From apple trees wild and decayed
Lost in a wilderness of shade.

Somebody's garden beds still show
Their careful pattern row on row.
A few wild roses along the wall,
Some ragged lilacs and that is all.
There is nothing left that tells
Who made the gardens and built the wells.

Great barns were here piled high with hay,
And cows came home at close of day,
Laughter was here and children played
In the ordered gardens unafraid;
And the water is as cold and clear
In the wells as when the folks were here.

The walls of the wells are firm and sound,
Built with stone from the fields around,
Narrow on top and wide below
Like the straw beehives of long ago;
But those who built them went away
Over the hills of yesterday.

The maples are waiting till March sun brings
The pent-up sweetness of lonely springs,
Ready to share their precious sap,
But no one ever comes to tap;
And across the fields that once were clear
The forest marches year by year.

Spring returns and the birds and bees.
The robin sings in the apple trees;
But the lonely valley is waiting still
For the folks who went out over the hill.
Who lived here and where did they go?
There is no answer. I do not know.

THE FATTED CALF

I should have sold him when he left his mother
Before we got acquainted with each other.
Now, when he sees me coming with his pail,
He gives me welcome with his wiggly tail,
And when at other times I happen by
He cuts up capers to attract my eye.

When the big truck comes for his last long ride
I almost think that I will stay inside.
I do not want to see his capers when
They come to take him from his little pen.
And always when I see his feeding pail
I'll see his misty eyes and wiggly tail.

George French

"There are always shoes to be repaired"

Philip D. Gendreau

"Caught short . . ."

WINTER PI

from an

OLD TIME YAN

Keystone View Co.

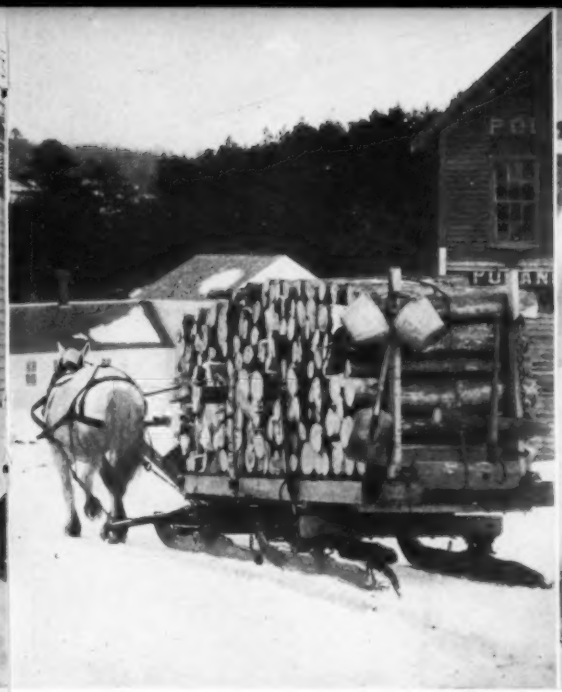
"All huddled up and icicles on their noses . . ."

"Have another dish of beans, Pa . . . one of the most popular winter sports"

George French

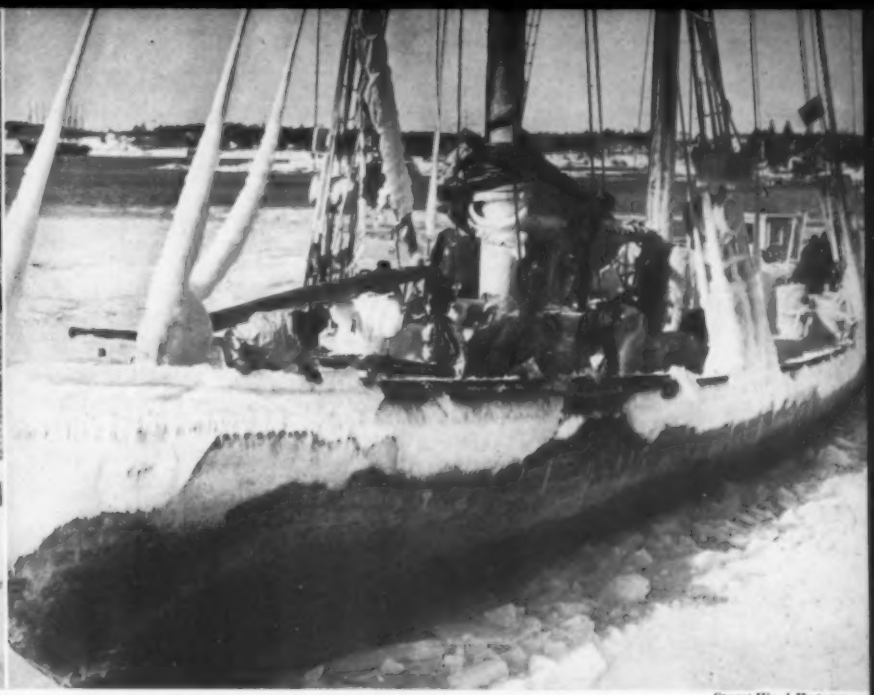
"All ready for the kitchen junket"

Jim Fifield



"Two horse power . . ."

D. Warren Boyer



"Making port at 43° below"

Stuart Wood Hodgson

PICTURES

from an

YANKEE ALBUM

"Speaking of Rotary Plows . . ."

"Yes, they cleaned up the dishes in those days too . . ."

George French

"In the winter there was time to sit for pictures"

Jim Fifield

Lois Lenski

THERMOMETER

It's a reminiscent story but it's just as true today as it was then — New England's thermometers get more attention than school teachers' ankles ever did . . . or ever will

By ZORA P. WILKINS

PAPA had a thermometer fastened to the house, one of the large yellow ones given away as an advertisement of Colburn's mustard. The thermometer was at an angle from the dining room bay window on the north side where the sun never shone on it. Papa pointed out that Ira Stone, whose thermometer always recorded the highest temperature in summer, was not so careful about its location. Yet Papa's thermometer was in a sheltered position; so its mercury never dropped to the depths reported by Mr. Hicks down at the depot. Of course, Mother said, it was low down there by the railroad and might be colder. But Papa snorted. "Ice frozen right on the bulb, as often as not!" Papa's thermometer was right.

Papa prided himself on being able to see his thermometer in the evening. Other folks in our town had to go out with a lantern if they wanted to know the temperature before they went to bed. But Papa took a lamp into the bay window and held a mirror so that the light reflected right on the big figures of the scale. He often explained to us what a good scheme it was. When we had company, he would take them into the bay window to show them how it worked.

As soon as he came up from the store for his supper, often before he took off his coat and hat, he would go into the bay window and look at the thermometer. Sometimes it would be just getting dark, and he wouldn't need the lamp and mirror. He would stand, his fat stomach pressed against the window sill, his blue eyes screwed up, and his head thrust forward from his short neck, studying the thermometer.

"Seven above, Susie," he said, one winter night.

"Yes." Mother was bringing in the milk toast for supper.

"Dropped three degrees since four o'clock!"

"Well, Fred, why don't you get washed up for supper?" Mother suggested.

But Papa was stretching to look at the sky beyond Mr. Merriam's house. "Kind of clouding up there in the northeast. Hope there isn't going to be a blizzard!" Papa turned to Mother with a worried line between his eyes.

"I guess there won't," Mother reassured. "You girls sit down. Your father'll be here in a minute."

So we took our places and unfolded our napkins. Papa walked fussily to the back entry and hung up his coat. Then we heard him splashing at the kitchen sink. His plate was all ready when he came back, his hair slicked down and damp, and his clear skin pink from the towel. But he still looked anxious as he hitched up his chair. "Got a big load for the Boxford route tomorrow."

"Seems to me I wouldn't worry about it until tomorrow comes!" Then Mother closed her mouth rather firmly, while she passed him the smoked halibut which almost always went with milk toast at our house.

Papa began to eat, reading aloud from the *Boston Journal* between bites. After the murders and the local news, his face clouded again. "Big storm out west, Susie. Coming this way."

"I guess we can wait for it."

But when Papa finished his supper, before he went back to the store, he turned to the bay window again. No matter how he peered, it was too dark now to see the sky. Mother had lighted the hanging lamp over the table before we had our cake. But he got a hand lamp from the kitchen and took his mirror from the window sill. "Here, Zora, you come: it looks to me like five above."

So I reached around Papa, while he held the lamp and mirror. He filled the window pretty full, and it was hard to get a good view of the thermometer. But presently I said: "I think it's six above."

Papa sounded skeptical and a little provoked. "Here, Susie, you come."

So Mother put down the crumb tray

and came to the window. "Zora's right. It's six above."

"Well, it's dropped one degree while we ate supper, anyway. And I think it's only five above. You have to look at those lines on the scale just right. Now you see, Susie." Papa readjusted his lamp and mirror to throw a better light on the thermometer.

"One degree doesn't make much difference," Mother said cheerfully.

Papa reluctantly laid his mirror on the window sill and put the lamp on the table. "Well, it's dropping pretty fast. And I'm afraid we'll have snow," he added, with melancholy triumph, puffing a little as he tugged on his rubbers. "If it should get warmer, and be sleet, the horses aren't sharp."

When Papa came back at nine o'clock, he went in through the cellar and fixed the furnace for the night. We heard him shaking down the fire and putting on coal. He had a short piece of hose attached to a faucet right beside the furnace. He always wet down the coal before he put it on the fire. He was proud of this arrangement, because it saved dust in the house. He kept it swept up in the cellar, so that he wouldn't track dirt on the carpet.

Then we heard the cellar stairs creaking. The fourth step from the top let out an especially loud protest when Papa's two hundred pounds settled on it. There was a rustling sound as he hung up his things on a nail in the cellar way. Then he opened the door, his face dark red from the cold outdoor air and from the shoveling. He was still breathing hard.

"Begun to snow," he announced. "Blowing up a gale!"

Mother looked up from her sewing. "Gertrude, go get your father's slippers. Zora, move out of your father's place, so he can see to read his paper."

But Papa went over to the bay window. "Hear that wind!" He looked around fussily. "Where's that lamp? I left it right on the table. No, you sit still, Susie; I'll get it." He pudged out into the kitchen and came back with the hand lamp. Adjusting the mirror, he squinted at the thermometer. "Clear down to zero now! It was one above at the store."

"Pretty cold," Mother agreed serenely.

Papa sank into his chair and grunted as he laboriously leaned over to unlace his shoes. "Cold! It'll be fifteen below by morning! A regular blizzard!"

"You take off your father's shoes, Zora," Mother said. She drew a length of cotton from the spool, waxed it and threaded her needle.

Papa straightened up and sighed. "Drifting already around the cellar door. I got seven bags of grain to deliver at Stevenson's and he never shovels out. We'll have to get down the two-horse pung in the morning. Roads'll be all blocked up by the time we get loaded."

"It may not turn out much of a storm," Mother suggested. "Anyway, I wouldn't worry." She bit off the end of the remark along with her thread.

"Wouldn't worry!" Papa picked up his paper indignantly. "Do you remember that storm last winter, when the plow didn't break out over east side until next day? It was seven o'clock before I got home. Shoveled half an hour in one drift on the Davis road. And I had a big load of grain, just the same as I have tomorrow." He rattled the paper. "Listen to this, Susie: 'CHICAGO IN GRIP OF BLIZZARD — TRAINS HELD UP ON ALL LINES.' You'll see!"

Mother folded her sewing. "You girls put away your books and go to bed, so your father can have the bathroom. Don't dawdle!"

As we clattered up the back stairs, we could hear Papa's voice reading aloud to Mother about the blizzard in Chicago.

Next morning it was dark but not quiet. The snow was drifted high against the window panes, and there was no sun. Outside the white flakes were whirling in thick masses. Around

Lois Lenski

the corner of the shed the wind was shrieking. Down in the yard we could hear the scrape of Papa's snow shovel. From the kitchen came the sound of sizzling, and a good smell came up the stairs. Then Mother stepped on the squeaky board in the back entry. "Girls, girls, get right up!" she called. "Breakfast's almost ready, and your father'll be in."

We could see our breath in the bedroom, and our fingers ached as we buttoned up our boots. "Do you suppose there'll be no school? Can we carry our lunches? I'm going to get out my sled! Where are my rubber boots?" we chattered, as we rushed into the kitchen.

"You take in the muffins, Gertrude. Now, girls, don't talk about the snow; this will be a hard day for your father. Zora, go upstairs and find his fur gloves in the camphor chest." Mother was putting sandwiches into a pail, and our lunch boxes were laid out on the table. We heard Papa thumping the shovel on the back piazza, then stamping off the snow.

All white, his eyebrows and mustache frozen, he stepped into the back entry. The door blew back hard, and a cold blast swirled the snowflakes clear into the kitchen.

Papa came to the stove and warmed his hands, which looked red and stiff. Then he rubbed his ears. "There, Susie," he said, "I've made a narrow path to the street, so the girls can get out. The plow'll probably be 'round before school time." The snow was melting from his high rubber boots in little puddles on the floor.

"Awful weather!" Papa added in a worried tone. "Hadn't you better keep the girls home?"

Mother turned from the stove. "Nonsense! They're healthy girls, and a little weather won't hurt them. They haven't missed a day this year."

Papa crossed to the kitchen window, scraped away the frost and peered out, his shoulders dropped dejectedly. "It's drifting in again already. Four feet deep there by the shed. I can't shovel out until tomorrow. Got to get that pung down, if I'm ever going to get started."

Mother took the coffee pot from the stove. "Come, girls. Your breakfast is all ready, Fred."

But Papa couldn't sit right down. He went into the bay window. The glass was all covered with snow. He thumped on it. "Can't see the thermometer," he grumbled.

"You know it's cold, don't you?" Mother asked cheerfully. She poured his coffee.

But Papa wasn't satisfied. He fussed with the catch, pounded on the window pane, and finally raised the window so that he could lean over and stretch out. Drawing his head back all covered with snow, he wiggled his neck like a turtle, closed the window and hasped it, then announced despondently:

(*Continued on page 43*)

I Want to Know . . .

Because Yankee receives an increasingly large number of letters each month asking about Yankee things, past and present, we continue this new and "official" service for our subscribers.

Questions pertaining to the region — family, architecture, industry, farming, history and legend, food, hunting, fishing, forestry, furniture and such — should be sent to the* I Want to Know Editor.* *Questions requiring replies too long for print or too specialized for general reader interest, should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. They will be answered separately.

Q. I thought that red flannels had come back with skiing, but on inquiring here and there, I find that they're as scarce as ox-carts and old-fashioned virtue. Can you tell me who wears them and who in New England manufactures them? — DAVID HOUGHTON, *Bridgeport, Conn.*

A. As you can imagine, there are difficulties in finding out who does and who does not wear red flannels now. Tempted as we are, we can hardly approach a skier or greybeard with, "How do you do. We are working for the *Yankee* Red Flannel Underwear Research Bureau and would like to inquire if . . ." But we did write to the most likely factories in the region to see what they had to say. For the most part the results were disappointing. Some mills ignored our request altogether, some of our letters came back marked, "Out of business"; other mills wrote that they used to make it, but that they have no calls for it now. But a few mills were very nice and said they would look around and see what they could find out.

The Elliott Mfg. Co. of Manchester, N. H., said, "Maybe we will run into somebody among our associates who could let us have some information regarding this, but we regret to advise that we have been so far unable to obtain any." And Miss Erna Clayton of the Clayton Mfg. Co. of Waltham, Mass., revealed that "we have never made anything of this type. I have an uncle, though, who wears the blue kind, and that's the best I can do for you." And the Winship-Boit Co. of Wakefield, Mass., the makers of Mérode, were very nice too. Joseph Burke, the mill superintendent, said he would ask the Root Co. of Cohoes, N. Y. This is what they said:

"We regret that we will be able to give you but little information regarding the present status of red underwear.

"For a number of years up to and including the year 1934, we made a considerable quantity of the red woolen underwear for men, but since that time the demand has been so small that we discontinued its manufacture. Prior to 1910 we also made a quantity of red woolen underwear for women's use.

"We might add that one of our steady customers was one of the major league baseball teams whose management always purchased it each year for the players while on their southern spring training trip."

We rather thought we'd get some information from the Faulkner & Colony Woolen Mill of Keene, N. H., an outfit over a century old and one which we personally knew to have supplied the red flannels for the best old legs in the county. But there, too, was disappointment. They told us that prior to the turn of the century lots of red underwear was sold. And since then they have advertised:

For 3/4 of a century Faulkner & Colony Manufacturing Company built up an enviable reputation on its scarlet and blue flannels used for underwear and petticoats. Shirts of Faulkner & Colony flannel adorned the backs of the forty-niners.

"We have calls for red and blue flannel today — but for shirts, not for underwear," they told us. "Why don't you write to Mr. Wallace Mason of the bank? He once told us that he had some red flannel underwear in his attic, but we had no way of proving that they were made of our flannel . . ."

Mr. Mason replied to our inquiry like this:

"I have tried to run down John Faulkner's old red flannel underwear story, but the affair happened so long ago we have sort of forgotten about it. In fact, we can't seem to find the article in the house now, and we are under the impression that we gave them to the Faulkner & Colony Manufacturing Company, but John doesn't recall having received them.

"However, something did happen in Keene in connection with red flannels that might be of some interest. One of our local dry goods stores was burned out, and in the basement was any quantity of flannel, and other articles. After the stock was dried out there was an auction sale, and a certain dear old Irish woman purchased hundreds of yards of the red flannel, and when someone asked her what she was going to do with all that flannel she said that she was going to line her henhouse with it."

Sorry we can't give you more satisfactory dope. But maybe some one who reads this will add a few more links to the chain.

Q. When I painted the wide old-growth white pine boards of my dining room floor, the paint refused to harden. A second coat of the same paint left the floor just as sticky. How can I harden it? — MAE TARBOX, *Londonderry, Vt.*

A. If you will rub the sticky surface with a good brand of liquid floor wax, it will harden immediately and give no more trouble.

Q. Yankee, you know a lot. Help me translate Grandpa's diary. Here are two puzzling (to me) excerpts: "Jan. 24. . . . I made a weathervane today, according to custom. This time I shall give it to Dickie, my only grandson. The one I made ten years ago and put on a pole high above the top of the gray birch on the crest of Pine Hill is still doing good service, as well as the one on the fence-post by the sumacs, and the one on the pole up above the big martin-house in the hen-yard. These last two are three and fifteen years in use respectively."

And here's the other excerpt: "I went for coffee, as usual, to the Tavern, today, it being the 27th. Dame Garland and her pretty daughters were in fine feather, and the gentry of the country drove in; for Dame's thick clotted cream and strong brew are famous." — MRS. RICHARD PARSONS, *Rockport, Mass.*

A. Thanks for those good words, but maybe you'll change your mind when you see these answers! About the weathervanes: It was an old British custom, for Britain ruled the sea and the "way of the wind" was eagerly sought by sea-farers. Why that day was chosen, though, we are unable to discover. And the coffee: Maybe this was the date when coffee-houses were first opened in Old England . . . 1652 was the year and the first owner was servant to a Turkey merchant who brought him from Smyrna.

Q. How many inches of snow make an inch of water? — FRED HIGHT, *Camden, Maine.*

A. It varies. If newly fallen, loose and dry, 17 inches of snow may make only 1 inch of water. But moist snow packed by a deep drift may take 4 inches only to make an inch of water. Snow lying till spring is frequently half water. The rule for average conditions is: 10 inches of snow equal one inch of water.

Q. I'm from the middle-west and have recently married a Yankee and have moved to the Massachusetts coast. I find I adore oysters, but I always suffer from my overindulgence. How may I eat my oysters and enjoy them too? — MRS. FIELDING MASON, *Marblehead, Mass.*

A. We don't want to take any responsibility, but why not give this a try? When you feel the oysters lying cold and heavy on your stomach, drink a large glass of hot milk. It's a good old remedy we've had in our family for years. Let us know how it works for you.

Q. What trees do legends say should be planted around homes? — DORSET WILLIAMS, *Newport, R. I.*

A. The Mountain Ash, wild in New England and free for the transplanting, keeps bad influences away . . . it's the rowan tree of the Scots (see *Lady of the Lake*). The Basswood, the bee-keeper's favorite (another name is the linden), according to ancient folklore, is the fairies' haunt. Another one they like is the Cherry. The White Pine is January's tree, the tree of beginnings, as well as of old age. Plant one on each side of your door-step, one for the husband and one for the wife, and you will always be lucky. The Willow is the children's tree and also it insures luck in business. The Sumac, berry-flavor of which reminds one of the Pomegranate of the Bible, brings good health. Keep it always in sight. Plant at least one Oak for strength and a White Birch for grace. The Elm of course is a guard to right and the Hemlock is the hunter's tree.

Q. At an auction last summer I bought a maple spool bed which is only five feet, ten inches long. I'm six feet two, and I hate to sleep curled up. What to do? — JASON MOSS, *Essex, Conn.*

A. We solved the very same problem recently by having the side boards removed and replacing them with new maple boards refinished to match. They are at least two inches longer than the full length of the longest person likely to occupy the bed.

Q. I'm writing a paper on the "Old District Schools" for Grange Literary Night. What books could I consult for facts and atmosphere? — DAN LITTLE, *Center Sandwich, N. H.*

A. Look first in your local town history and also get hold of the old town reports. Then try Burton's *The District School of Long Ago*, Abbott's *Rollo at School*, and Eggleston's *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*

* J. Almus Russell of Mason, N. H., and Lucina Lombard of Gorham, Maine, answered the questions this month.

A HEART THROB FOR THE BUTCHER

(*Continued from page 15*)

gions with his knife, and bringing forth the bladder he bids the boy to run to the corncrib for a few kernels of corn. These, the butcher manages, with apparent difficulty, to squeeze into the empty bladder. And now, having fashioned a quill from a turkey's wing feather which the boy has also produced after much scurrying about the barnyard, the butcher inserts the quill into the orifice, and, after taking a deep breath, exhales it through the quill into the bladder, expanding it to a prodigious size. Now he ties a string around to keep the bladder inflated.

"There, now, young man," cries the butcher triumphantly, "hang that bladder up until it is good and dry; then tie a string to it, and when a windy day comes, fly it as you would a kite, and hear the corn rattle."

A rather homely toy, do you say? I'll grant you it is. But it is not the aesthetic value of the toy, nor yet its money value, but the butcher's motive in making it, that we have to take into account. When the butcher blows into that bladder until he is red in the face, almost to the point of apoplexy, it seems that he is breathing into it something that will be for days to come a reminder of good will in abundance, of kindly interest in the simple affairs of a lonely small boy.

The hog, now cut in halves, is lowered, taken down, and placed on a long table. The hams and shoulders are severed and prepared for their sojourn for several weeks in brine, preparatory to their further sojourn in the old brick oven, exposed to the smoke of smouldering corn cobs. The fat pork is cut into strips for the pork-barrel; the spareribs are cut into chunks convenient for roasting. And all this goes on to the accompaniment of general conversation, interspersed with folk-songs and stories which the merry old butcher throws in gratis for the special amusement of the boy — stories of the pioneer life of the early settlers; stories of the butcher's own father, the town doctor, making his rounds on horseback, with medicines in saddlebags, in all seasons and in all kinds of weather; stories of old Bristol Bill and his gang of counterfeiters who plied their craft over on the West Hill; stories of the Civil War, of "tenting on the old camp ground," of William Scott, the soldier boy from over in the next neighborhood, who took an ill-timed nap while on sentry duty, and was saved from death by Mr. Lincoln. For a moment there is a lull in the conversation, whereupon the butcher breaks forth into sacred song:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar."

in which song Grandfather joins with a fairly good bass, pretty nearly on the key, but *not quite*, due to deafness.

So butchering day goes merrily on until the sun sinks down behind Knox Mountain, and the evening star sends forth its silvery radiance in the fast-fading western sky. But to the butcher, "sunset and the evening star" mean only the beginning of a day's work, whatever else they may have meant to Lord Tennyson. Hence, after supper, leisurely enjoyed, the butcher again takes his seat before the dismembered porker, where, with the assistance of a lantern supplementing the rather dim illumination of the kitchen lamp, he proceeds to the various subdivisions of the art of meat cutting — the preparation of material to be tried out into lard; of material to be made into sausages, or as Grandfather terms them, "sassingers." Before these minor operations have proceeded far, however, drowsiness has overtaken the boy; and for him, if not for the butcher, has come the end of a perfect day.

LINCOLN LEARNED MANNERS IN MASSACHUSETTS

(*Continued from page 18*)

lowing places: Providence, Rhode Island; Concord, Manchester, Dover, and Exeter in New Hampshire; New Haven and Meriden in Connecticut; then Woonsocket, Rhode Island; and Norwich and Bridgeport in Connecticut.

A specimen meeting is that held in Manchester, New Hampshire, of which there is preserved an account by one who attended the performance, namely Judge David Cross of that city.

"Mr. Lincoln spoke here on the evening of March first, 1860," writes Judge Cross. "There were more than a thousand people present, and every seat was taken and many were standing. The audience was composed of men and women, about half of them Democrats and the rest Republicans, with a few rabid Abolitionists. Mr. Lincoln had talked but a few minutes before he had the eye and the closest attention of every person in the hall. He won the favorable attention of the audience by his clearness, tact and fairness upon facts to which all agreed.

"I remember distinctly that Rev. Mr. Foss, a violent Abolitionist and an able and honest man, occasionally interrupted him and asked him questions. After a while the audience cried, 'Throw him out!' Mr. Lincoln replied, 'No, no, let him stay. He is just the man I want to see and to answer. Now, my friend, what is your question? Let's talk together. I *want* you to jaw back.' Mr. Foss asked Mr. Lincoln several questions and Lincoln replied, and soon Mr. Foss was applauding with the rest of the audience, and after the meeting was over, Foss took Lincoln by the hand and thanked him and said, 'You are the only man that has ever talked to me in this way and I am not sure but you are right.' "

It was also in New Hampshire that Lincoln was introduced at this time as the next President of the United States, to his apparent surprise; though the surprise may not have been one hundred per cent pure. The late Percy Coe Eggleston gives an account of this revealing incident, in his admirable little booklet entitled "Lincoln in New England":

"Lincoln made no allusion to the introduction at the time," he says. "But later, in conversation with Governor Smyth" (his introducer) "at the hotel, Lincoln remarked that the introduction at the meeting that evening had taken him by surprise, as he had never before been so introduced. 'But of course,' said he, 'you didn't mean anything?' Governor Smyth stated that he did believe what he had said, and that, if Lincoln had made the same impression in the other states where he had spoken as he had made that day on the people of New Hampshire, he would certainly receive the presidential nomination. Mr. Lincoln replied with earnestness, 'No! no! that is impossible! Mr. Seward should and will receive the nomination. I do not believe that three states will vote for me in the convention.' "

However much of sincerity these words may contain, they do not show Lincoln's real view of his chances after the New England tour was completed. By that time his hopes were a good deal higher. Seward and Chase might have better prospects than he, but they might easily nullify each others chances. As his law partner, Herndon, put it when Lincoln got back to Illinois, "It was apparent now to Lincoln that the presidential nomination was within his reach." And it was his experiences in New England that put the finishing touches on that confidence.

NEWS AND COMMENTS FROM THE SEVENTH NEW ENGLAND STATE . . .

The Yankee State of Mind

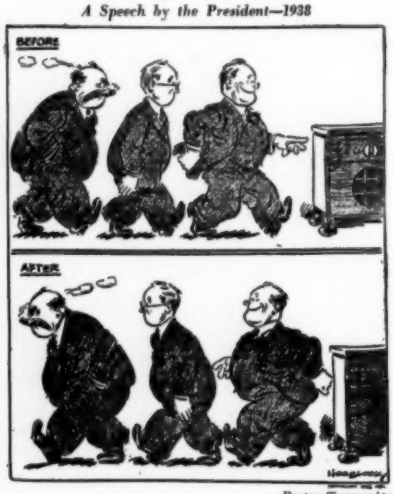
A SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT

GENERAL OPINION on the President's message and Jackson Day speech was reflected for the most part in the New England press by the opinion represented in the cartoon, below; i.e., those who liked them were predisposed to like them, and those who did not like them were predisposed not to like them.

Typical of the "likes" was Newport, New Hampshire's *Argus Champion* in which former Governor Bartlett's cheery New Deal enthusiasms regularly appear:

"The public reaction . . . was, in the main, favorable. It was a declaration to adhere to the . . . New Deal, yet recognizing the authority of Congress, and assuring business of a desire to correct existing inequities. The desire to promote the purchasing power of the agricultural and industrial classes was set forth in unmistakable terms, and maintenance of a policy of peace and preparedness in foreign relations was emphasized. . . . The President's appeal . . . will aid much in the restoration of confidence and industrial expansion."

A Speech by the President—1938



Boston Transcript

On the other side, the *Manchester* (N. H.) *Union,* credited recently by an important advertising agency magazine with having made several hundred dollars profit out of a special "New Deal" issue, editorialised:

". . . from a domestic standpoint President Roosevelt's message . . . can not be read otherwise than a record of failure . . ."

Baffling to experts and John Q. Public was the renewed effort at lifting purchasing power. As the *Rutland* (Vt.) *Herald* pointed out, the achievement of a one hundred billion dollar national income is possible through the use of present instruments of inflation but would it necessarily mean a higher standard of living for the people?

WAR AND PEACE . . .

Two-faced as the President's disapproval of the Ludlow bill may have seemed to many peace lovers, in view of his former utterances to the effect that the people know best about war, Yankeeland nevertheless turned cold shoulder, with Congress, to that now defeated bill. Typical perhaps was *Boston Globe:*

"A world which has changed drastically . . . where aggression frankly posits its moves on sudden attacks without warning . . . is scarcely one in which wisdom counsels confrontation of emergencies with immobilizing delays, lengthy debates in 48 legislatures . . . and bitter emotional division of the country. . . ."

Meanwhile, New England goes its quiet way of protest against the Japanese aggression in China. New England's largest feature act promoter Al Martin changes his Japanese balancing act into the same act under another name. Al Martin says the word "Japanese" would have killed the house for his Providence show.

Rumors have it that New England's "five and tens" no longer carry Japanese made goods.

Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, leading exponent of Chinese opinion in New England, in a speech reported by the *Laconia* (N. H.) *News and Critic* reviewed "the Japanese-Russian war of 1902 and how the treaty was signed, not in Tokyo or St. Petersburg, but in Portsmouth, N. H.

"If there ever is an agreement between Japan and China it will be through the United States . . ."

FLOOD PACTS . . .

The *Christian Science Monitor's* "New England page" in an Associated Press dispatch abandons hope for congressional approval this session. Citing New England Senators, they give the following contributing factors as important: "The Federal Power Commission's Report; the pending little T.V.A. bill; action by Senator Barkeley; disagreement among New Englanders; recommendations of the Power Commission."

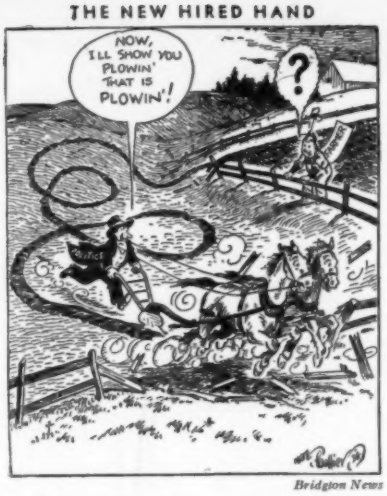
BACK TO THE FARM . . .

Urgent, as always, is the discussion of the farm versus city problem.

The *Portsmouth* (N. H.) *Herald* gives an account of a city man who saw the 1929 depression coming and "went out into the sticks. There I have weathered the gale . . . but my conforming children . . . do not understand me at all.

"Thousands of acres are lying all around me idle . . . and thousands of families are on relief in the town. But would they dig their own gardens and chop their own wood and read by lamp light? No, they would rather beg or set up a dictatorship. Democracy is in retreat."

THE NEW HIRED HAND



Bridgton News

Then the *Littleton* (N. H.) *Courier* gives space to the belief that "country folks are often so careless about sanitary precautions that the benefits of country health are often lost. Health experts complain about rural water supplies . . . absence of running, especially hot water."

The *Barre* (Vt.) *Times* complains of too much barn burning ". . . poor electric wiring, smoking, and lightning" are given as the chief causes. The *Rutland* (Vt.) *Herald* adds another . . . the "candle in the hay" . . . mysteriously "coincident with the owner's need for ready money."

Dorothy Thompson, popular in New England papers as syndicate columnist pointed out that Secretary Wallace probably doesn't know what he is talking about when he says the object of an agricultural program must be to establish parity "between farm and industrial income." "Vermont farming," Mrs. Lewis stated, "isn't an industry, it is a way of life. Farming is an industry, with possibility of big income, or tremendous losses, in the fertile South and West where one crop is grown. Vermont (or New England for that matter) has not the agricultural problem of the one crop regions. It wants neither crop control nor interference."

THE PAY OFF . . .

Has begun under the Federal Social Security system while Massachusetts' Senator Lodge urges state control of relief aid and warns of political abuses.

More specific is the *Rutland Herald:* ". . . A leak in relief funds appears in the fact that it is estimated in some reliable quarters that there are more than one million aliens on relief in United States and undesirable aliens from the criminal angle are most chary about giving correct information about themselves. Why not," it suggests, "have our G-men extend their Bureau of Criminal Identification to include all aliens?"

Meanwhile, the *Providence Journal* reports a 23.7 per cent increase in direct relief demands as well as similar increases throughout the other five states.

Caustic observers point out that as long as there are WPA funds available there is little likelihood of any community digging into its own pocket to fulfil these relief demands 100 per cent . . . that WPA is being used as a political weapon by office holders approaching the March and November elections . . . that workers who formerly lived on their Summer earnings through the Winter now spend their earnings in the Fall and look to WPA to carry them over the Winter.

Not the least of the projects under criticism in various quarters is the Federal Writers Project. Not all columnists are as kind, perhaps, as H. C. Pearson, dean of the New England column writers. In a recent discussion on his part of the Vermont Writers Guide he took some pains to point out that ". . . in the building of the Rutland Railway . . . a prior incident in the construction of the line near the summit has been the uncovering of bones, teeth, and tusks, which Louis Agassiz pronounced to be those of an extinct species of elephant, doubtless buried by some prehistoric Democratic landslide . . ."

Critics or no, however, all express a real desire to face the unemployment problem. Private relief agencies and drives reach their peak this month in overpowering campaigns. Neither the government nor the people will see any American suffer from want or hunger . . . no matter what his political hue.

YES, IT WAS!

The Providence Journal

Motive Power Wanted

Concord Daily Monitor

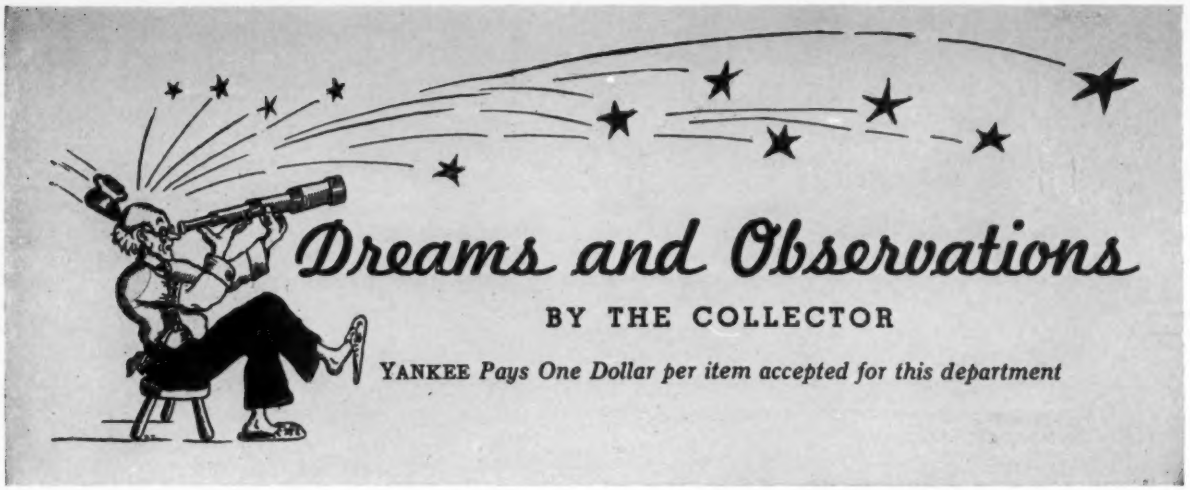
HOUSING . . .

Though it can be shown that the country as a whole needs more houses, the question is raised as to whether people are in a position to rent or buy them, says the *Newburyport News:* ". . . at any rate only cheap houses costing less than $3,000 to build and $30 a month to rent can be considered. If labor is willing to take reduced wages," it opines, "and if the building project may be carried out in mass production the scheme may work . . ." Baker in the *Concord Daily Monitor* quotes one contractor's view: "Prices in the industry have been boosted as much as 20 per cent because the government has already been so active in building. Eleven per cent of the labor cost of a building goes for expenditure required by law; compensation, liability, taxes, etc."

Frankly sceptical is the Housing Committee of the Boston Real Estate Exchange. "How far," it asks, "will the taxpayers of Massachusetts or any other state wish their money spent" for projects that will house the poorest people in better fashion than the majority of citizens?

And, observes one New England builder dryly, ". . . New England real estate ads indicate there is a surplus of houses. It don't seem right that the government should tax our communities to build houses in congested city districts for folks who have deserted their own farm homes to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Let 'em go back and live where they came from."

Meanwhile, a Boston architect announces a new pre-built factory home to sell for $3,000 and the labor unions pause to wonder.



Dreams and Observations

BY THE COLLECTOR

YANKEE *Pays One Dollar per item accepted for this department*

How About a Winter Picnic?

On one of these clear February mornings when the thermometer hovers at zero and the sky is almost a green-blue, our family always thinks of a winter picnic, somewhere beyond the sugar-lot. This is the equipment we get together for six of us:

Each person packs a tin plate (aluminum burns the hands and mouth because of its excessive heat-retaining qualities), tin cup, knife, fork, spoon, and matches. Then we divvy up the knapsack spaces for the sharp hatchet and jackknife, coffee pot with strong wire bail (you can put one on in two minutes), long-handled broiler, deep iron frying pan, two large spoons, candle-stumps, and a collapsible canvas waterbucket. We take two or three woolen blankets, too, to spread on the snow.

We split and butter two dozen round sandwich rolls and pack them in wax paper. One dozen and a half will be used to hold the pieces of broiled hamburg; the other six will be spread with the following mixture and then toasted: ½ pound Cheddar cheese; ¼ teaspoon English mustard; small bottle stuffed olives put through the coarse knife of meat-grinder.

On each section of the broiler-toaster we place a sheet of waxed paper; on each sheet of paper we lay five strips of bacon; and on the bacon we flatten out two or more pounds of freshly ground Hamburg in two thick well-seasoned pats. We close the sections tightly with the wire loop and wrap the whole thing in wrapping paper.

Then we wash a dozen medium-sized potatoes and fill a syrup can with maple molasses. In one empty jar we slice four pounds of onions, one pound of green peppers and one small can of mushrooms and mix with the ingredients a can of concentrated tomato paste to be used as a meat dressing. In a second jar we slice six oranges, three bananas, two grapefruit, one can of pineapple, and mix in a bit of syrup and a half cup of shredded cocoanut.

Doughnuts, sage cheese, sour pickles, coffee, evaporated milk and sugar get packed in. Then snowshoes are strapped on and we hurry across the fields and through the woods to the favorite picnic spot beyond the sugar orchard.

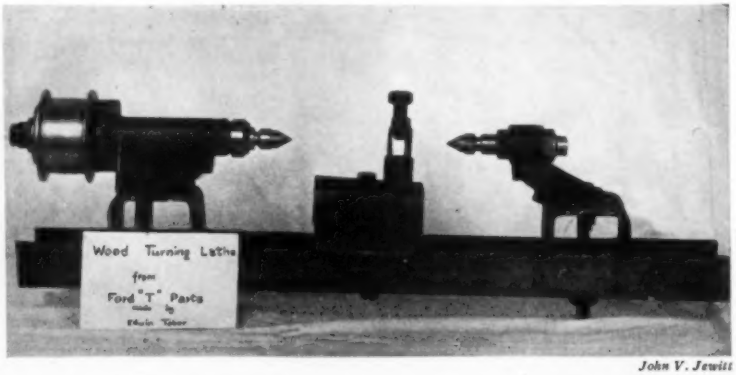
Now for the fire: with a snowshoe we scrape away the snow from the side of a boulder, cut three green logs, place them on the right and left side of the depression with a third log at the front. Now we gather an ample supply of dry spruce twigs and hardwood limbs cut in short lengths. We light the candle stubs, lay a layer of twigs over the flames, then larger branches, and finally pieces of limbs. The fire starts in no time, but we wait a few minutes for a bed of hot coals and we share enthusiastically in the preparation of the meal.

Suspending the coffee pot from a slanting green pole close to the coals, we put in 12 cups of water, 13 tablespoons of coarsely ground coffee (one for the pot) and a pinch of salt. In spite of all the warnings found in camp cookery books, we have found that *really good* camp coffee has to be boiled gently between five and ten minutes. A tablespoon of cold water poured down the snout settles the grounds.

We bury the potatoes in the coals, broil the steak resting the broiler on the two green logs, and let the waxed paper burn itself off. Then we simmer the onion mixture in the frying pan in hot bacon fat, making sure to reserve

YANKEE INGENUITY of the Month

We offer one dollar for the best illustration of this good old Yankee trait



John V. Jewitt

THE LOAVES AND THE FISHES

The inborn belief of Vineyard and Nantucket youth in the superiority of all persons and things insular, has given rise to a yarn of long standing. One that has, in fact, been told in as many and varied versions as has the celebrated tale concerning the precocious Island nipper who bent on the end of his mother's knitting yarn to the carving fork and hove it at the cat, shouting — "Lay me on just three seas closer, Ma! I'm a heller with the long dart!"

But the up-Island version of the story in mind concerns a well-loved deacon who for years taught a Sunday school class of Island youths.

On this particular Sunday, Deacon Cathcart was telling his little flock the parable of the loaves and the fishes — in his own salty style.

"— And the haul from that set wouldn't a filled a bait tub. Jest a handful o' fish, no bigger'n scup, I cal'late.

"— And the loaves warn't noways like the bread your ma's take to the hall fair times. Jest bread is all 'twas. But He took it an' put it in baskits an' rationed it out to a gatherin' larger'n any you'd ever see to a New Bedford circus day. An' what's more it fed all hands."

Pausing for breath and the effect of his words, the worthy deacon fixed his eye on little Abijah Nickerson. He continued — "And that's what the Bible says about Him feedin' the multitude. Now what do you think of that, 'Bije?"

"Well, Deacon Cathcart," says Abijah, "I think He done right well for an off-Islander!"

— Bob Foote

plenty of wood for a bonfire, because a really efficient cooking-fire radiates little heat on a zero day.

At last we gather round and begin filling the buttered rolls with liberal cuts of hamburg and bacon, covering them with the onion-pepper-mushroom-tomato dressing, clap on the top piece of roll, pour the coffee, spear the spuds from the coals and go to it!

When everyone is full-up-to-bursting we wash out the coffee pot with melted snow, bring to a boil the maple syrup and continue boiling until it forms a soft ball on clean snow. Each picnicker flattens out his own particular area of snow and takes charge of his own "leather apron." With this we eat a length of sour pickle, a few doughnuts and some sage cheese.

Then through the shadows of the late afternoon sun, with empty knapsacks, full stomachs and windburned faces, we return home.

— Louise C. Russell, Mason, N. H.

Imagine His Surprise!

One winter a man of South Hope, Maine, had been going over his traps and upon his return to camp he was asked if he had seen anyone out trapping since the recent snow storm.

"Well, I did see the tracks of a one-legged man leading a one-legged horse," he replied.

It is true that there lived an old trapper in South Hope who had only one leg; and in the winter he nailed a horse shoe to his wooden leg so that he would not be so likely to slip on the crust while visiting his trapline.

Contributed by Alicia Kay Smith
Augusta, Maine

* * *

Cowhide Boots

Gladly would I talk again with Uncle Billy, our village cobbler, but I do not sigh for further experience with those cowhide boots of boyhood days.

In winter they were rigid as cast iron unless properly attended to. At bedtime came the painful task of removing the boots. Without the help of a boot-jack, they could not be removed at all. Pull, pull—and suddenly the foot is released and I groan for my stinging chilblains. And as for the morning! How we had to tallow the boots and rub it in well. Even then I remember having a time of getting them on. With the foot part way in and both hands pulling on the boot-straps, there is much jumping up and down on the floor before the foot finally thuds into place.

How well I remember waiting in Uncle Bill's shop, in stockinged feet, as he repaired my only pair of boots. Of all the processes of the cobbler, the most attractive to me was called "specking". First the boot is placed upon the sole-leather and the shape of the sole marked out. Then the sole is cut out and placed in the kettle of boiling water on the small box stove. This softens it. Then comes the lap-stone upon which the sole is hammered to proper contour and then comes pegging the sole to the boot. Here we most admired Uncle Billy. "Gee, but can't he handle them pegs and hammer?" With a few gentle taps and just one well directed "wham", the peg is driven home with never a miss. The pegs come in solid blocks with points finished by machinery. With a knife and cute little hammer, they are split from the block one by one. "I could do that myself", I used to think.

SERMONS IN STONE

For the most revealing Yankee epitaphs printed herein each month, we offer a sheaf of pure white calla lilies, and a dollar. Send yours in to the Collector, with the name of the cemetery and the date of the stone, if possible.

* * *

"Here lies buried Charles Stover who was lost at sea and never was found."
From family burial lot in South Harpswell, Maine.
Contributed by Katharine Fox
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"Here beneath this stone we lie,
Back to back, my wife and I,
When Gabriel his trump shall trill,
If she gets up then I'll lie still."
From cemetery at Northboro, Mass.
Contributed by Mrs. Althea Davis
Keene, N. H.

What a place, that shop! There was the low bench with its leather seat pad and room on each side of it for lap-stone, knives, hammers, pinchers and other contraptions. Lasts of all sizes and shapes were piled up around the shop. A pot of evil smelling mixture was always handy to daub the edges of newly applied soles, which were later rubbed with one of those ebony sticks to produce a shiny finish. Sole leather and "sides" were everywhere.

What a place! It was a place where not only shoes were repaired. Uncle Billy was always one to give ready sympathy and sound advice to us boys. He was a New England institution.

Contributed by J. A. Taggart,
Millers Falls, Mass.

* * *

Here is a quotation from an old geography found in my attic:

The Climate of Connecticut

The climate of this division of the United States is compounded of most of the climates of the world. It has the moisture of Ireland in the Spring: the heat of Africa in Summer: the temperature of Italy in June: the sky of Egypt in Autumn: the snow and cold of Norway and the ice of Holland in Winter: the tempests of the West Indies in every season, and the variable weather of Great Britain in every month of the year.

Contributed by Jessie B. Abbe,
Warehouse Point, Conn.

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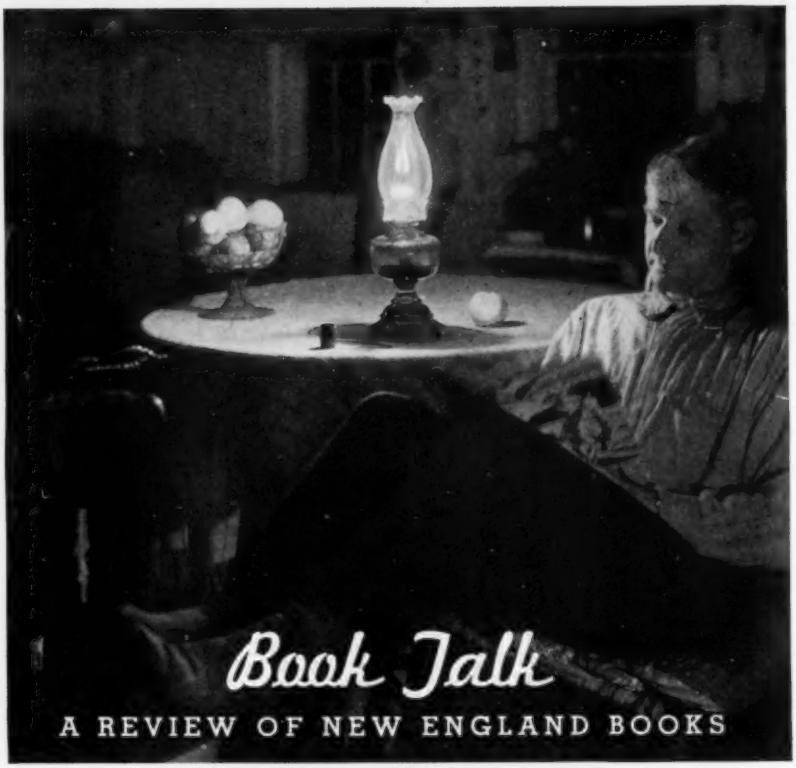

Book Talk
A REVIEW OF NEW ENGLAND BOOKS

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Mr. Coffin is ably assisted in this department by Ruth Coffin, his wife . . . who does much of the necessary reading and many of the reviews

MAINE GUIDE

MAINE, A GUIDE "DOWN EAST," *Written by Workers of the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration for the State of Maine (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston,* $2.50).

The long awaited PWA Maine guide book is now ready. It is a beautiful book for any tourist to lug under his arm. Like the other PWA guides, it is a new departure in sectional handbooks. It attempts to do three things: to present the atmosphere and culture of a state, give the vital and unvital statistics, and illuminate the body and spirit of the place with photographs that are decorations rather than mere illustrations.

The decorations are by far the best thing about the book. The new photography, which makes expert use of light and sky as well as mass in objects, shows its triumph here. But then, Maine light is a poetic substance, anyway. And even an amateur photographer can get a work of art just by turning his camera on anything and letting fly. Maine houses and churches, too, take care of a lot of the business by being their distinctive selves.

I rank the atmosphere and the cultural part next to the pictures. Some of the general essays are superbly done. The historical sketch is the best brief one on Maine anywhere in existence, as far as I know. The chapter on the writers is excellent, too. Personally, though, I am surprised and grieved to be called a poet of "a world that is past." This is news to me. I should like to take the author of that statement out to meet most of my Maine poems and show him how they are in full bloom and full cry. If there is any poem in "Saltwater Farm" not in the present tense, I'll eat it. I should like to say, too, that I have written several books on matters outside of Maine, from Oxford to Archbishop Laud. But these are small items.

I admire the essay on folklore, the ones on artists and architecture — in fact, most of the general sections. I miss the hymns, though, that could be written on Maine barns. I find too many of my best poems in them to suffer their neglect in silence. Live and present poems, by the way. The essay on the Maine farm is all statistics of crops. Crops are the last thing a Maine farmer counts on. A square rod of philosophy, a half acre of humor, white pine to whittle, a dry ledge to sit on in the early spring, a field wide enough to dry a seine on — he expects these. But crops? — No. Not, as Robert Frost would say, "in commercial quantities." The author of the farm essay did get in a touch of elegy, though: there are not so many farms by one-third as half a century ago. He put his finger on the chief tragedy of Maine, there. The authority on architecture does a fine job. But he does not give Maine enough credit for producing the brightest and best

of all New England farmhouses and farm buildings. Ask the artists, they will tell you what I say is true in their pictures heaped with squares of Zion's wall. Maine did not derive from the rest of New England, as the writer implies. Her sea captains looked at Georgian houses in England and Southern mansions along the Gulf; and they came on home and improved on what they had seen. Captains were their own carpenters often, contrary to this Maine guide. And most coast carpenters were artists. Such a one was Sam Melcher, 3rd. He has left the fine imprint of his mind on a score of houses within a half hour's walk of mine, on steeples and stairs, on columns and capitals and mantels. Sam is mentioned in this book. The book rises a mile or so higher in my estimation because of the mention of his name.

It is unusual to become excited over a guide book. But you can get excited over this one. There are moving descriptions of the work of the great wood carvers of Bath, Sampson and Potter, who made the buxom goddesses who breasted apart the gales around the world on ships' prows, the eagles that screamed at the Yankee ships' sterns and waved their wings goodbye to the sailing craft of Britannia. The romance of Maine pine and the elegy of it, too, are here. Here's hell's "Half-Acre" in Bangor, where the lumbermen who worked with Paul Bunyan wet their moustaches and took their ease hard. Here's the "Mark Bachelder Tragedy," good enough for anybody's album of folksong, with its magnificent moral. Here are Cochranites with no morals at all, at the end, once they had made a religion of song and dance in the woods back of York. Yes, sir! There's plenty of color in Maine's background.

The factual part of the guide rates lowest with me. Maybe I live in an unfortunate town. Maybe the other towns are freer of mistakes. I don't know. I cannot check them all. But Brunswick comes off badly, in the names of its streets and so on. They even changed the name of the street I live on. I happen to know there is a perfectly accurate map of Brunswick hung in the local PWA office and made by the PWA men! But that's what comes of having too many fact-finders at work on the same book. The other part of the guide I am most able to check, that of the region of my "Lost Paradise" farm, on Great Island, isn't there at all in my copy. There is a gap of fourteen pages missing. Maybe some of the tourists will be sold copies like mine.

It seems to me that it would have been better to turn the whole thing over to the photographers and the essay writers. They get the essence of Maine where the statistic gatherers fail.

THE RECTORY FAMILY, *by John Franklin Carter (Coward-McCann,* $2.50).

Pre-war Williamstown comes alive in this account of a large family growing up under the best sort of tradition that New England used to have: "The pleasant home, the large family, the discreetly adequate income, the church school, the private college." The home was happy and comfortable. "Its outlook was frankly romantic. . . . It was hard to have to leave such a sanctuary for the $30.00 a week job and the hall bedrooms of city boarding houses, and the bitter struggles for riches and existence in the 1920's." The writer knows now that that idyllic preparation for life was not the one best adapted for living in a competitive society. But it certainly did furnish him with a wealth of happy memories.

The seven young Carters were a lively bunch, and they must have been criticized often by the townspeople. They were rectory children, and more was expected of them than constant pranks. "Life was just a succession of cuts, bruises and nosebleeds." The author is not sentimental about his family. He says that he and his brother got together after Percival was born, and they agreed it was enough and things should stop there. "When he was a little older, we felt," he writes, "it was too much." Percival became a cross of great weight. Guests were always welcome at the rectory, whether they were friends, relatives, or visiting clergymen; and they always came. "When people you knew came to town, they stayed with your parents as a matter of course. When you travelled, you stayed with other people's parents." On one occasion, this hospitality was not entirely appreciated. After an excellent meal, as he sat before a roaring fire with good coffee and a fine cigar, a visiting bishop said: "Strange are the contrasts of life! Last night I was in one of those luxurious palaces at Lenox — and the next night here!"

A succession of governesses had a hand in the Carter children's education. There was the one who was discharged for meeting sailors in the evenings. And there was Katrina, who claimed to be a Baroness of Holland and whom time finally proved really to be one. The whole town was the Carters' playground, and as the narrator puts it, "it never occurred to us that our presence was anything but extremely welcome." One of their playmates, a Billy Hoyt, was asked by his mother if he wouldn't like to go and play at the Carters', and he replied "that he guessed he'd rather play in the manure pile." There were vacations in the Adirondacks, Maine, Massachusetts, and "some dreadful place in the White Mountains."

Then the horizon of childhood merged into the world of school and college. St. Mark's and Yale were a continuation of the life in Williamstown. The circle of acquaintances enlarged, but it was all much the same type of boys. At St. Mark's you had to be entered at birth, but living was simple and discipline strict. It was a very real small world. "There was a free masonry among cultured New Englanders which made them all at home with each other. Money had little or nothing to do with it."

The War came when the Carters were in

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college. The old safe world of the rectory crumbled away. The Carters joined the generation that the world has agreed to call the lost. But the War was not the reason why the Carters felt lost, really. It was their upbringing. The writer says so, without bitterness. The happy years of life in the rectory at Williamstown were no preparation for the world the Carters had to enter. Their cultural advantages had no market value. They had been reared in a tradition that no longer counted.

But it was fun growing up in it. The book proves that.

HISTORIC CHURCHES AND HOMES OF MAINE, *compiled by Maine Writers Research Club, with Photographic Illustrations (Portland, Maine, Falmouth Book House,* $3.50).

Here is a book of lovely houses from the state that was famous for the finest carpenters and for solid people to go inside the walls they built. The state is Maine, of course, and the carpenters had ships to practice their curves on, and they had ships to sail on and see architecture in other lands and bring back ideas and improve on what they had seen. Sam Melcher was the carpenter-artist in my particular Maine town, Brunswick. He turned out the Parker Cleaveland house, along with the Congregational Church – taken down by the Goths of the mid-nineteenth century – and other houses and mantels for almost everybody. But every other Maine town had carpenters about as good. So Maine is full of fine fireplaces and spiral staircases and church spires.

Here is the Pierce Place in Baldwin, home of the name on the Bowdoin chair I occupy, and a shining name it is. Here is the house prepared for Marie Antoinette, here is the cottage Talleyrand slept in, the one the boy Longfellow grew up in, the one where Sophie May created Dottie Dimple, the house where Maine's female Longfellow, Frances Mace, flourished. Here one comes on the Harpswell Church – where I heard oratory as a small boy attending a houseful of boys in full cry, a New England town meeting – where the creator of Uncle Tom and little Eva found Parson Eaton bearing up tall under a full wig and put him into her Harpswell classic.

The people are as much of the book as their places. For the story of Maine churches and houses cannot help being a history of the men and women who built them and bred dynasties to keep them going clean and white. Honesty and goodness and humor never had finer roofs overhead.

I wish a bit more of inspiration had gone into the book. There are too many dates and facts for these essays by pious and painstaking authors to become literature. History gets in the way. But it is a work of loving amateurs, probably stinted for space, who have done a fine job collecting data, even if they haven't produced literature. All that is needed now is to turn some poets loose among their houses.

WE WERE NEW ENGLAND, *Yankee Life By Those Who Lived It, edited by Barrows Mussey (Stackpole Sons, New York,* $3.10).

Here's the chance to know New England direct from the pen of those who made it what it is. Here in their old-fashioned spelling and punctuation are autobiographies of men and women who built New England and us.

There is rich variety in the book; the range is from the method of courting a widow with candy almonds to the method of handling a child possessed by Satan. Here is Mary Rowlandson's narrative of her captivity by the Indians. Here is Samuel Sewall, the only judge concerned in the Salem witchcraft trials. Here is Cotton Mather with his eyes full of flame and Phineas Taylor Barnum with his full of tinsel. Lyman Beecher presents sermons that are part of the great Temperance movement of the first half of the nineteenth century. John Neal, the Quaker, is here, who tended store, wrote, studied law, and went into politics and other unquakerlike things. Thomas Morton of Merry Mount fame. Henry Tufts, who was Public Enemy Number One of his day, appears; as he was illiterate, someone obliged by writing his autobiography for him. We come on Harriot Kezia Hunt, reformer, feminist, and one of the first woman doctors to practice in Boston; Julia Cowles, whose death by consumption prevented her marriage to John Treadwell of Connecticut.

The book belongs next to the Farmer's Almanac, where you can reach it quickly when you want to know what New England is really about.

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MAKING OUR TRADITIONS WORK FOR US

(*Continued from page 17*)

residential in a stock pattern which was evolved when few but your neighbors passed your door and you sat on your front porch of an evening. Miles of these streets are lined with frame houses set back no more than twenty feet, on lots with a fifty-foot frontage and a hundred-and-fifty-foot depth. In common with so many American towns, New Haven has almost no front fences or hedges. There is a sad little patch of "lawn," some scraggly foundation planting, generally either half starved or grown out of hand, and then the front porch or veranda, entirely open to the street. Between all the houses are strips of cement leading to a considerable cemented area in the rear and the inevitable garage. There is no privacy at the front, which is now untenantable because of the totally changed character of street traffic and communal life; and there is no chance for decent living at the back of the house because of the cemented yard, the garage, and the proximity of the kitchen. Nor, if there should be one freak in a block who didn't have a garage, could he have a garden, because he would have to fill up his entire back lot with shrubs and trees to screen out his neighbor's garages.

In the old days few townsfolk had stables, and then only when they lived on large lots. They had gardens in the rear, or play spaces for the children, and faced their houses to the street alike out of communal pride and communal fellowship. It was natural and convenient. But conditions have entirely changed. A street today is not a communal affair, it is a general traffic alley. Almost the first job of community planning is to get people to see this, to realize that the old comforts and decencies of living, once New England's pride, can now be realized only at the back of the house, and that the place for the garage is at least flush with, if not in advance of, the front of the dwelling. (I do not say *in* the dwelling because as yet architects and builders have not solved the problem of how to make the doors look domestic and attractive).

The block in which I am at present living in New Haven is a rectangle, containing 28 houses, some two-family. The interior clear space which could be available behind these houses is about 180 feet wide by 280 long, which means more than an acre of potential garden, green or playfield. It already contains a number of good trees. But at present it is of no recreational use to anybody because it is filled with 28 garages and their attendant cement turn-arounds. Our front porches are untenantable, our back porches look out on unmitigated ugliness. Yet decent and sensible people live in these houses. They (or the house owners) simply cannot get over the traditional idea that the front of a house must be on the street, you must put up a show for the passers-by.

In a space of 50,000 square feet it would be possible to have (1) 28 individual gardens; (2) a community open space with at least 28 families to share the cost of care; (3) community tennis courts and children's game spaces; (4) a central communal garden with individual back lawns. Whatever the treatment, by the simple expedient of moving the garages down the drives and transposing the kitchens and living rooms, the interior of this block (and maybe a hundred others like it) could be converted into a pretty green, a peaceful quadrangle, something fit to look at and walk in, something approximating the decency and dignity our ancestors arranged for their lives.

"But," you have been impatient to cry at me," what will the *street* look like with all those garages sticking out between the houses?"

I will refrain from saying that I really don't care half so much what the street will look like as what the view looks like when I sit peacefully on my back porch. I will say, with perfect truth, that the street will not look any worse than it does now with its jimcrack frame houses bare of all fences and front gardens and separated by strips of rigid cement. As I am assuming that the garages will not be made of corrugated tin but will follow a more or less uniform pattern, and will be painted like the houses, and will be based with shrubbery and trellised with vines, they will actually improve the street, breaking up its rigid monotony and pulling the houses down to a better level. Also, by their very functional frankness, they will fall into the pattern of the street itself – which is now a motor artery.

Alas! I have little hope that anything of the sort will be done in my day, where the houses are already built. Even in recent developments, except here and there (as at Radburn in New Jersey), the old traditions persist. We don't seem to be able to grasp the fact that it might be possible to enjoy the new values the motor car has given us without throwing away the value our ancestors enjoyed of a decent and beautiful domestic setting. I somehow cannot see the pioneers who settled this New England and planned its greens, so rigidly unable to meet and accept new conditions. Out of *their* new conditions, new from politics to building material, they created the first modern republic, Litchfield, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the town meeting. And we can't find a way to house the family bus without making our garden space a shambles! It isn't more Yankee tradition we need, it is more Yankee initiative, more understanding of the spirit and temper which gave these traditions their first validity.

The spirit behind the tradition of New England colonial architecture and planning was a sense of style and a love for gracious and fine surroundings. Building a suburban bungalow with a "Georgian" porch is a futile gesture to that tradition if you plant no marigolds in front of it and fill up the back garden with a sheet iron garage. That's what all the rest of the country is doing, too. That isn't keeping up with Emerson – that's keeping up with the Joneses. We've got to do better than that or lose the last of our leadership, and even our own identity.

GANGDOM'S THREAT TO NEW ENGLAND

(*Continued from page 11*)

by reaching for the telephone and calling the police. They tried hard to get a foothold here, but the hard-headed New England Yankee would not go for it. He sensed immediately that it was wrong, unfair, crooked and would have no part of it. They tried to intimidate and frighten him into it. A couple of trucks were overturned in Watertown, Mass., but the racketeers could make no headway. They left New England utterly amazed and unable to understand the New England Yankee who refused to increase his profits.

In Chicago the racket progressed. Laundry owners were jubilant. Everybody was making money – until the racketeers began to up the price of protection. The business is still in a bad way in Chicago where racketeers gradually took over each laundry; with the result that the owners were working for them.

When the New England Yankee is aroused – something happens. It's time now for him to get on his horse and get going. There's work to be done.

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A LITTLE WHILE TO NEVER

(*Continued from page 13*)

And gradually she began to harbor a definite fear that was only partly for the cat. She had from the first been trapped within her husband's dominance. The habit had grown out of romance and her slowness to saturate. Habit bred slowness in her and kept her now from championing the cat, or herself, in more than spirit. But thinking with new fear, she began to estimate the possibility ominous in her own life, of the willingness she had been holding before him, however tardily. Out of her fear she began to speak out at him.

"Why don't you leave her alone, Alex? You'll hurt her."

"She's all right." He would barely pause. Only when she burst at him again would he stop, leaving the frightened animal scurrying to stare in frenzied appeal at the door. He would rise and let it out, eventually, if she did not do so first, but he did it maddeningly, opening the door by slices while the cat wedged frantically with its nose. He made it do that, force its own way, squeezing its swollen body through.

All these days she watched him, wondering now why she had first consented to wanting a child. She felt something drying up in her. The process of filling had stopped, reversed back on itself to a seeping-out that was widening to a flow. Summer was just ahead, end of her last "little while."

"Winky's going to have her kittens awfully soon," she said to him one day. "Aren't you going to do anything about them, Alex?"

He glanced round and laughed. "She only thinks she is. I'm going to drown her before that." A new gloating filled his eyes, a terrible smiling anticipation.

She felt somehow that he would never actually kill the cat. Why, she did not know. But she was not concerned with that. It was the way of his voice that was worse than any fulfilled threats. She shuddered at the greed in his anticipation, however sterile. Yet because she let go of things as slowly as she gathered them in, she held on to an old image of him in her mind and pressed him with another chance. "She'll be having them almost any day, or any hour now," she told him again. "Aren't you going to fix some sort of place . . . fix a box for her?"

His answer was to pull the cat up by its scruff. He swung it round in a gaiety that was trenchant beyond hate. "Guess I'll have to toss her off the end of the pier tonight then."

But he had forgotten later. And by the next day the cat disappeared. She was relieved; then, as it failed to come home and one, two days passed, she was openly distressed.

"Suppose she tries to have her kittens and can't? She's so tiny and these are her first." She lifted her anxious eyes to his.

"So what?" He shrugged, staring her down coldly. "Good riddance."

Another day. And suddenly in the midst of it she heard the old plaintive mewing. As she flung open the door, she knew the thinness meant one thing. But where were the kittens? Had she really had them? She picked the animal up for tender examination. Yes, there was the fringe of blood. Then they were dead. They had been born dead. A faint mounting horror filled her.

"So she's back, eh?" Coming in that night, he saw the cat asleep.

"Yes. . . ." She looked at him levelly. "They must have been born dead."

He plucked the cat up to feel it over brusquely, then dropped it back on the floor. "Uh-huh . . . I guess so." He picked up the paper. "Wonder how long she'll go before they get to tailing after her again?" Suddenly, as if the words reminded him, he turned toward her, his wife. "Say – how about you? When are you figuring on getting going? You've been saying that 'little while' of yours for months now."

She sat down across the room, looking at him steadily. She was a woman who filled slowly with time. A new knowledge had been seeping through her drop by drop. It had been so once with happiness; it was so again with this quiet hate. She spoke evenly, precisely.

"I'm not going to have a child by you, Alex – ever."

"Why not?" After the first ejaculation, his lips parted, still asking, but his eyes joined the triangle with hers and the cat's and, watching him, she knew he understood.

For a full moment they looked silently into each other. They leaned taut against each other in a long tug of eyes. And neither relaxed before the other. She knew his first stupor of amazement would end soon, and he would rant out at her in the next minute, or hour, or week, perhaps with threats of divorce. But she knew also that never would he actually divorce her, as he had never killed the cat. Still, should he ever mention it. . . .

Glimpses of New England—

"The Heritage of the Snow-Clad Hills"—

WHERE the fragrant scent of hardwood smoke floats down the crisp February air — you will find the snow-clad slopes thronged with folks alive to the appreciation of that outdoor heritage which is New Hampshire's.

Each winter more people turn to the hills to play for more healthful living — and to enjoy the cordial New England hospitality. Though there is nothing new about the whole idea! For in 1850, the poet Whittier wrote a lasting prescription when he said — "For health comes sparkling in the streams, from cool Chocorua stealing: There's iron in our Northern winds, our pines are trees of healing."

These are the New England lovers of good living and sincere hospitality who, when in Boston, may be found enjoying the traditional friendliness and matchless service of the Hotel Puritan. Truly, "a tavern where roads meet."

Whether dining leisurely in the Old Boston Room, over a selection from our abundance of New England recipes, or enjoying a longer tarry amid the modern comfort and luxury of one of our cheerful rooms or suites, you will find the countless friendly services of the Hotel Puritan surprisingly modest in cost.

And too, the accessibility to the main traffic arteries, and the commodious, private parking facilities in the rear make the Hotel Puritan the wise and enjoyable choice for the out of town motorist. May we look forward to the pleasure of your next visit in Boston?

HOTEL PURITAN

390 COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

William B. Rice, II, *President and Managing Director*

Rates: Single $3.50, Double Room $5.00, Suites $7.00 up

FREE AUTOMOBILE PARKING AREA FOR OUR GUESTS

Swapper's Columns

Continued from Inside Front Cover

Will swop summer's vacation in Berkshire house, near Otis, Mass., for what interests me: handmade hooked rugs, old post lamps, old coach or other antiques; fur coat or anything. House could be summer shop, trout fishing retreat. Near 3 popular lakes, splendid well water, furnished rustically, brand new oil range. Suitable 3 or 4 people. F — 237

I'm looking for boats and a 1931 Ford roadster. What do you want for yours? F — 238

I have 6 old-fashioned bone-handled knives, 3 with Sheffield steel blades, 3 with Hawksworth, and the 3 tined forks to match. I want a typewriter in good condition. F — 239

Will swop 110 acre Vermont farm for sunny island in the Bahamas. F — 240

Interested in old silverplated teapots, cake dishes, pitchers, etc. of good design, 1840–1860 period. Also coin silver spoons. Send description with tracing of trademark. What do you want? F — 241

Yankee bachelor maid with an itching pen and a love of life will swop letters that really are letters with a man-about-town or -about-country. F — 242

Want 3 copies of YANKEE, Jan., Feb., Mar. '37. F — 243

What do you offer for a fine old brown and white (oldest type) woven bedspread, approximately 2½ yds x 2¼ yds; also a hair wreath with oval gilt frame? F — 244

Wanted at once! A long clipped sheepskin-lined overcoat (fur collar, if possible) in good condition to fit 200 lb., 6′ Yank, also in good condition. Will swop skiis or what you name. F — 245

Who will part with his copy of Alice Morse Earle's "Home Life in Colonial Days" for homemade candy to his taste? F — 246

I have a solid cherry table top — one piece: 44″ x 19½″ x ¾″, what do you offer? F — 247

Have "Vermont in the Rebellion" by Maj. Otis F. R. Waite, 1869 by Tracy, Chase & Co., Claremont, N. H.; Vol. 3 of Good's "Study of Medicine," 1826 and "A Treatise on Arithmetic in Theory and Practice" for the use of the Irish Nat'l Schools printed 1869, Dublin. I like good old glass goblets, but will accept best offer. What have you? F — 248

Pearls — 24″ string, purchase value around $30. Potato bug mandolin (needs string). What do you offer? F — 249

Who wants to travel on paper? I have 40 National Geographics 1933–1936. What am I offered in return? F — 250

We have anything you want in wrought iron. Will swop one piece — say, candle stick or door knocker — for light tan or gray woolen goods suitable for hooked rugs. White flannel trousers would do. F—251

I'd like 50 of each kind of evergreens shipped proper time for spring transplanting, 2 or 3 feet high. What do you want? F—252

Atwater Kent No. 20 Radio plus speaker and Bristol amplifying unit, less battery and tubes. Also folding Premo film-pack camera 2¼″ x 3¼″. Will swop all for 3 gals. Vt. maple syrup; recipient to pay carrying charges. F—253

Who has a healthy, male kitten, gray or tawny preferred? I'll give him a good home. What do you want? F—254

Would swop Wearever aluminum omelette pan, Manning & Bowman aluminum percolator, aluminum electric percolator, jig saw puzzles, dog leash, indoor and outdoor running shoes, size 4, shin pads. What have you to offer? F—255

Will swop small, attractive home with 17 acres in central Maine for small, lucrative business anywhere in the United States. F—256

I have an unused copy of the "Universal Photo Market Guide" telling the amateur how and where to sell photographs. Will swop for half pound of best cleaned spruce gum or 3 pounds uncleaned — or what else have you? F—257

Who has April, 1936, copy of *Yankee*, or old letters with interesting contents of pioneer life in Michigan and N. Y. State to swop for "Dennis' Coronation Commentary?" If interested in genealogy will search for your ancestors. F—258

Fine old Colonial homestead on knoll along Taunton River (salt). Electricity, bath, heat 6 fireplaces, wide pine panelling, sun porch. Ideal for home, tea-house or convalescent home. Boat house and dock with deep water channel for large boat. 3 acres; shade trees. Will swop. F—259

Best piano music of all grades of difficulty 1/10 publisher's price. Want Trowbridge's "Neighbor Jackwood." F—260

Offers wanted for these: $15 mandolin; set of Encyclopedia (without covers); small hand-operated, self-inking card printing press with miscellaneous type and about 200 cards; antique table caster with 6 bottles. Let's hear from you. F—261

If I get an answer to the following I'll swop it for data on old families: By the U. S. Census of 1790, Archibald Robinson of Newcastle, Maine, had 2 males over 16 years, 4 males under 16, and 3 females in his family. In 1792 he sold his farm and went westward. Where did he go, and who were the members of his family? F—262

I have a practically new pair of women's 14″ Bass hiking boots, size 7½ C, and 4-tube Emerson radio. We are furnishing in antiques, and I'd like anything usable, especially rugs, dishes and pictures. F—263

Mrs. Ghost goes to town, but wants to remain a mortal. She's been painting heavenly lamp shades until she's a mere shade herself and needs a sun-lamp to procure a suntanned body. Wouldn't you like some ethereal new shades? F—264

I have an old scarf, 9″ by 2 yds., red with 12″ wide Paisley ends and fringe. Will swop for a couple of pounds of maple sugar or 3 pounds of home-made fudge. F—265

Two oil burners for stoves, slightly used, cost $15 each, put in for temporary use. Will swop for something useful or of antique value. What have you? F—266

S.O.S. for a steel safe, house size. Doesn't have to be new or shiny. Can swop: a cot, kitchen chair, or labor in knitting articles — or name your own terms. F—267

Quilt or coverlet, size about 8 x 10 ft., lower corners cut out for bed posts. Several pairs two- and three-tined forks with knives to match. Will swop for 8-day wooden works clock or what have you. F—268

Will swop original oil paintings, various sizes and subjects, for old carved gold picture frames, any sizes, but preferably over 20″ x 24″ — the larger, the better. Will also accept men's new clothes, books or what will you offer? F—269

Has anyone any old andirons (not broken) they would exchange for fresh eggs (not broken)? F—270

I have a flat mink scarf in perfect condition, 8″ by 52″. Will trade for Sandwich glass or pieces of stippled Forget-me-not. F—271

Want marked souvenirs for living room from everyone. Will return California souvenirs. F—272

I have a piano accordion, good condition, 8 basses. What have you? F—273

Will trade scarce U. S. or foreign stamps for clear title to abandoned farm or waste land acreage on seashore; prefer Maine. Do not want "cottage" lot. Have other things to trade for it. Give full details, first letter. F—274

What do you want for that old brass vase you put on the top shelf years ago . . . a late book or a Mexican cane? Or do you crave old glass? F—275

Wanted: "N. H. Folk Tales" by Mrs. Moody P. Gore and Mrs. Guy E. Speare. This is the first volume and was brought out by the N. H. Federated Women's Clubs in 1934. What would you like for it? F—276

Four big lots of land at Sprucewold, Boothbay Harbor, Me., overlooking Harbor and Linekin Bay. Ideal spot and heavily wooded. Four leatheroid commercial traveler's trunks used for sample clothing but one trip. Original cost $35 each. 1 Premo senior camera 5 x 7 with R.R. Lens. Original cost $75. What have you in exchange? F—277

I have a large collection of vocal music for soprano, including studies, operatic, concert, church and encore numbers. Most of them in perfect condition. What have you? F—278

Who wants 3 prs. women's shoes, size 4, oxfords, and 1 pr. white pumps, high heels, size 7? I want maple syrup or what have you? F—279

Here it is! A secluded Vt. farmstead, high on a hill, grand view, brook. Old Cape Cod house, original hardware, fireplace, etc. I want horses and cattle to the value of $2,500. F—280

Wanted: a strong, dark, handsome man to walk near Monadnock and talk, not about Thoreau, but about Katherine Mansfield. F—281

Attention Yankee dog lovers: I have pedigreed, A.K.C. registered wire-haired terriers, Scotties and Cockers. Will swop pups or what have you for a healthy, farm-raised pup with pep. Get a real friend. Write me. F—282

We have hens outside, but need a hen-on-nest inside to keep eggs which hens outside lay for us inside. Who has one and what does who want? F—283

Has anyone a red setter pup? Male and pedigree preferred. Will you make it a Christian swop — the pup for the knowledge that the pup has a swell home? F—284

My mind is on higher things — and I want a *good*, portable Victrola. In exchange: 1 pair ghillies, 1 pair brown pumps, both size 8, and one Brooks Brothers blue sweater, size 36. F—285

Would swop a heating stove with its bottom rusted out for a chicken house door with an alarm. J — 201

Wanted: Any books, pamphlets or pictures relating to Dartmouth College. What do you want? J — 202

Have stenotype machine in good condition. Very much want an old-fashioned wooden doll. Promise her a good home. J — 203

Who can tell me about the history of the Carlyle family, and what do you want in exchange? J — 204

Furnished summer cottage on Province Lake, N. H. — shore lot, fireplace, large living room, bedroom and kitchen, 10 x 30 screened porch . . . value $2,200. Swop for small farm in Maine, N. H. or Vermont. Must have brook with possibilities of artificial lake. J — 205

Autograph album, 8″ x 6¼″, mottled pasteboard covers, 109 years old; inside are 12 old, old verses in old handwriting with names signed. I want 2 Wilton rugs or their value. J — 207

(*Continued on page 42*)

. . . a "break" for Yankee swappers

Paine Furniture Co.

MID-WINTER SALE

Now in Progress

CUSTOM GRADE SOFA

Regularly $215 **NOW $169**

This is a line we have featured for years with extreme satisfaction to patrons. Frames are all hard wood, doweled and corner blocked. Filling is all horsehair over tempered steel springs. Muslin undercovers keep the hair from working through. You can choose outer covers from a superb variety of decorator fabrics.

•

The break in our prices for this traditional event is a "break" for your pocket. You can save as much as 50% on many items. Swapping dollars for Paine quality furniture at these mark downs is a trade that will appeal to Yankee instincts.

We deliver anywhere in New England free and you can have "a year to pay the Paine BUDGET way."

81 ARLINGTON STREET · BOSTON

Two Representative Reductions

LARGE WING CHAIR

Regularly $95 **NOW $79.50**

A grand model, spacious, graceful, exquisitely proportioned. All hair filled; down and feather seat cushion. Covered in famous Meadox brocatelles.

Swapper's Columns

(*Continued from page 40*)

Here's your chance to light your farm or camp for practically nothing. Complete carbide system for lighting and cooking. Generator, piping, 14 fixtures, globes, 3-plate gas stove and quantity carbide, all fine condition. I want, next spring, Bourbon Red Turkey eggs or poults, pigs, hams, maple syrup or what have you. J — 208

Will exchange for a chambered nautilus, one specimen each of a large variety of Florida shells. J — 209

I'll make you a blouse or skirt, of your materials, to your exact measure. I'll take old (but attractive!) small chairs, Boston rocker, lady's desk, a camera, ship model, typewriter, books, anything. Almost! J — 210

Would discuss Thoreau and swop nature notes with beautiful blonde, not over 5 feet 4. Send picture. J — 211

12-gauge, full-choke, 30"-barrel Belgian Browning Automatic shot gun, little used and in A-1 shape. A nice hanging, hard shooting gun. Will swop for equivalent value in pheasants, any kind except ringnecks. J — 212

Will swop an oil heater stove, or lamp shade, hand-painted (will send sketches in color for choice), for rocking horse, discarded carousel animal, linoleum or candid camera. Will deliver and receive swop if within 50 miles of Franklin, Mass. J — 213

Dig out a bunch of those blood and thunder dime novels and let me know how to get 'em. Also will swop photos for old wall paper samples. J — 215

I have a letter press, 10" x 12", new; a smaller, round stamping screw-down press; one hand-made checkerboard of different woods, cost $15, a beauty. Want a five-string banjo, or what have you? J — 216

Have a number of sheets of 100 one-cent postage due stamps on or off paper. Would like blocks of four, commemoratives or other issues. J — 217

Want old U. S. coins. What have you? J — 220

Do you want to be a big muscle boy? I have health books by Macfadden and others, Willoughby P. C. Course, Sampson Course, but no apparatus. Want Brictbart apparatus, or Schmidt's Control Course, or portable typewriter, or? J — 221

Look! A quantity of new piano music, lots of second hand mandolin and guitar music, two large burlap rug patterns, and what have you? I'm interested in choice bulbs — not any dahlias or gladiolus or cabbage rose, please. J — 222

I have a pair of Red Cross shoes, size 8½B, blue leather, 2" heel, worn four times. Also pair of brown rubbers to fit. What do you offer? I'll consider anything but Jack Benny's old Maxwell. J — 223

Have 50 mysteries to swop in batches of 10. Send for list and say what you have. J — 226

I have an electric pop-corn machine used two months. Will swop for outboard motor, gas engine, 1 or 2 h.p. or electric plant for camp. Whatcha got? J — 227

Want winter week-end use of shack, cabin, or small house, heatable, within 50 miles of Boston for what will you. J — 228

The Harvard Classics by Dr. Eliot — never been used. Will swop for unrefinished tavern table or other furniture of maple, pine, or cherry. J — 229

Have four 10" Mexican blue glass plates and four cups and saucers of same. Also some colored French etching about 6" x 8", fresh from Paris. What am I offered? J — 230

Who will swop a small radio for pair of snowshoes? Snowshoes are in good condition, medium size. I prefer table model radio. J — 231

14-karat gold opportunity for right one: Lovely two-family brick house, exclusive Atlantic section, Boston, 5 miles out, block and half from station and bathing beach. Rent from one of apartments will carry expenses. Original cost $19,000. Two-car garage. Will swop for farm in good section of N. E. J — 232

Will J — 222 who advertises a quantity of new piano music, second hand mandolin and guitar music, two large burlap rug patterns and wants choice bulbs in swop, kindly 'fess up and tell his or her name and address? There are some answers waiting in the *Yankee* Swoporium for this person. Also F — 222 in this issue.

Beautiful Navajo rug in shades of gray and red will be swopped for small size snowshoes . . . rug in good condition, so expect snowshoes to be. J — 233

Rare seven-pointed star pressed glass butter mold, 5½" across, with five-pointed star in each point of dish, and pointed hob-nail beading around edge. Want some *Harper's Monthlies*, 1850–1880 in fair condition, or old music (not hymns) prior to 1850. J — 234

Will swop my 120 player piano rolls, my mint U. S. stamps for your Currier & Ives prints or for commemorative ½¢ or for *National Geographics* before 1906, or for *Godey's*. J — 235

I want portable typewriter. Will swop Kamp Kook stove with oven, Empire chest of drawers, cornet (C, A and B flat, silver plated, with case), pair of Tubb's men's snowshoes or four-post refinished maple bed. J — 236

I need pair of deep amber glass goblets (alike), or two clear blue hob-nail glass tumblers. I'll swop a sardonyx pendant with rolled gold edge or small Jap. lacquer chest of drawers (3½" x 6½" x 8") and an old Godey print. Or what do you crave? J — 237

Really a bargain! I've a quantity of cut paving blocks on hand, just right for sunken garden or stone garage. Near highway, freight-siding in southern N. H. I want a new electric refrigerator — 8 or 9 cubic ft. J — 238

Have mandolin and case, Currier & Ives *The Parting Hour*, also *Harper's Monthly*, April 1888 and *Cramer's Almanack*, 1823. Want colored antique glass, or make other offer. J — 239

I'm an exiled Conn. Yank, permanently disabled, and yearn to get back. Want to rent, preferably, or to buy small farm. Place for bees, about 10 to 20 acres in rich clover or shrubbery section. Also would like workshop outbuilding. Let me hear. J — 240

I want: a loom; or a Paisley or India shawl, or preferably scarf. I offer: framed oil painting of N. H. scenery, or station wagon load of cut fire wood delivered in N. H. or Mass. J — 241

Will swop four acres in Bruce County, Ontario, in beautiful cove on Lake Huron, for small farm either occupied or abandoned in N. H. or Vt. My acres, ideal for summer camp or permanent home . . . exceptional hunting, fishing and boating. P. O. and bus line nearby. J — 243

Have early American newspapers various cities, 1793–1809; also Vol. 1, No. 1 newspapers and magazines, and precancelled stamps. Swop only for early Amer. newspapers. What do you want, if not above? I'm a private collector. J — 244

I want a warming pan. What do you want? J — 245

I make swell 1½" thick divinity fudge with nuts, made with either plain syrup or Vermont Maple Syrup. Value 50¢ half pound. I like old glass. J — 246

I have room and eats for winter boarders. Come and watch the pig and chickens grow, and see the moon shining on the Bay. What will you swop? J — 249

If you can supply me with old miniature vases of china or glass, any shape, but under 5" high and 3" in diameter, I'll enlarge your favorite snapshots to 5" x 7" (send negative if possible). One enlargement for one vase. Fair enough? D — 107

Though a pacifist, I'm looking for a set of drums. Will swop groceries or what you say. D — 119

Will swop recordings, books, or what have you, for Fats Waller pipe organ records and Eddie Dunstedter records, the latter also on the pipe organ. Will consider other types of records also. D — 122

Will swop (and train) interest in old established Employment Agency, Times Sq., N. Y. C., netting up to $50 weekly, for homestead, any condition, on lake, trout brook or near-by, offering peace, recreation and possibility for experienced realtor. D — 124

Do you know of anyone who has an etching press (with 14" to 17" width bed) to swop for print of New England subjects? D — 125

Classified

FIVE CENTS A WORD PER INSERTION

REAL ESTATE

EVERYTHING IN REAL ESTATE — from house lot to estate. Co-operating with the N. H. State Development Commission and New England Council. GILMAN C. GUNN, Realtor, 17 Roxbury St., Keene, N. H.

INCOME PROPERTY — Apartment building, located in Laconia, N. H. 13 furnished apartments in fine repair, all occupied. Nets over 10% on selling price. Write LUDWIG HOEL, 185 North Main St., Concord, N. H.

MISCELLANEOUS

WELL — WELL — WELL. It's an old old story but you'll never be satisfied until you have your own ARTESIAN WELL right in your own home. I dig 'em — highest references. BURTON A. WILLARD, Dublin, N. H.

OVER 1000 SWOP offers in Traders Bulletin. Published four years. Sample copy 10c. Ads 5c a word. TRADERS EXCHANGE, 190 N. Wells, Chicago's only actual Trading Post.

FOR SALE: A very rare Terry Clock. Write for description. J. W. Colburn, Box 48, Canaan Center, N. H.

FEMALE HELP WANTED: Big earnings, spare or full time. Sell Crystal-X Window Spray. Send 10 cents in stamps to pay for packing and receive free, postpaid, 4 oz. bottle complete with best spray pump you ever saw. BERRYMAN PRODUCTS. Attleboro, Mass.

Will swop addresses 5 contest publications (announces contest news, contests galore). What have you? — Box 87 — R2, Alpha, Minnesota.

FOUNTAIN PENS REPAIRED. Cleaned, polished, adjusted. New rubber sac. Tested . . . all for fifty cents postpaid. Factory service. WARD'S, 57 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL ETCHINGS: Boston and New England subjects. Distinctive gifts. Write for catalogue. MARGARET DOUGALL ELDER, 625 South Street, Roslindale, Mass.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

(*Continued from page 3*)

More important than the fact that BILL GERRY has published verse in some twenty magazines and at one time (with Winfield Scott) edited the poetry journal, *Smoke*, is that he is a homesick Yankee exiled for the present in California. In spite of tramping over almost all the states and working on farms and in factories from coast to coast, his blend of downeast and Cape Cod blood won't let him get sold on any place but home. He expects to return to Connecticut or Rhode Island some time next year to settle for life.

JOSEPH F. DINNEEN is a well known Boston newspaper man and magazine writer. Goldwyn purchased a recent *Harper's* story of his for moving picture reproduction. It is unnecessary for us to add here that Mr. Dinneen knows whereof he speaks.

The sentence in *Mr. Crewe's Career* by William Pitt in the January *Yankee* which read, ". . . and it was nearly a year and a half after this caucus that Churchill produced the *Book of Bargains*," should have read, ". . . that Chandler produced the *Book of Bargains*." *Yankee* is very sorry that this mistake occurred.

Oleanders Hotel Contest: Winner of double room and bath and board for two weeks . . . for two . . . free: Mrs. D. Prescott Lawrence, 3 Wachusett Street, Matapan, (Boston) Mass.
Honorable Mention: Miss Alma Capron, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. H. P. Patten, Tilton, N. H.; Keith S. Field, Presque Isle, Maine; Virginia Randall, El Paso, Texas.

ICE

(*Continued from page 22*)

up to do," said Ed. "Mix one up all around, Joe."

"Ain't I just told you there warn't no ice left," yelled Joe.

Paul's girl stretched her arms over her head, patting her hair before a mirror. Her dress rode up above her knees.

He said: "Can't I run out and get some ice?"

"Would you?" said the blonde. "I never can keep enough ice on hand for this crowd, so help me."

Joe said, "Cripes! the guy needs a drink, ice or no ice."

The stuff burned a swift course down Paul's throat. "That's all right," he said. "Just what I needed."

You could get plenty of ice at a drugstore at the end of the block, they told him. Sure, no bother at all. Glad to do it. He'd bring back a bucket in a jiffy.

"Don't be long now," Irma called.

When he got outside Paul looked slowly up and down the street. The whirr of traffic rose and fell on the nearby avenue, but here only a couple of girls stood giggling under a corner traffic light, and the red eye of a taxi glowered a block away. He came upon the drugstore, went in.

"Crack it up fine," he said to the clerk.

"It's fine anyway," the clerk said.

Paul stood in front of a magazine rack studying the glazed picture covers. The ice was in a cardboard pail on the fountain. "How much?" said Paul. "A quarter's okay," said the youth.

Paul walked slowly along the block, swinging the pail. His mind was full of noise and lights. The dark mass of the Crestmoor rose before him, with here and there a panel of light breaking the pattern. The eleventh floor was dark. Her apartment must be on the other side or in the rear.

When he reached the entrance he made a move towards the elevator, then paused at the rows of mailboxes and buttons. His eyes traveled over the names. Miss Irma Scanlon, Miss Anna Karouk. That was it. He pressed the button under the name-card once, twice. Then he put the bucket of ice on the floor, and walked rapidly away.

WE TOUR SWITZERLAND

(*Continued from page 21*)

in honor of the Swiss who died defending the Tuileries, has watch towers high on the village hill, and a curious glacier garden. Pilatus behind it, and the Rigi before. A white boat still plies the lake here, and a Swiss electric pony takes us in an hour over the Axenstrasse to Fluelen and Altdorf.

But I am waiting for my little boy to come back from saying goodbye to his fountain playmate. Tomorrow we cross the German frontier.

THERMOMETER

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Five below zero. That wind cuts like a knife!"

"I've brought down your woolen muffler." Mother pointed to where it was lying on the sofa. "And there are your fur gloves."

"Terrible hard on the horses, this weather!" Papa began to eat nervously.

"Don't hurry your breakfast and upset your stomach!" Mother exhorted. "I guess the men will have the pung down."

"They won't start anything until I'm there." Papa looked dismal enough.

He left his breakfast half eaten and began to bustle about. Mother pushed back her plate and got up. "Here's your cardigan jacket, Fred; you'd better wear it under your coat."

"Feels clumsy!" Papa stretched his arms and pulled at the sleeve binding. "Tight! Makes it hard to move!"

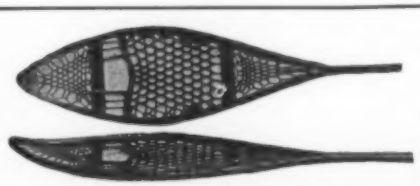
"You'll need it to keep warm." Mother's tone was decisive. "Zora, get your father's dinner pail on the kitchen table; and Gertrude, wrap that piece of flannel around the can of coffee."

Papa pulled the rubber boots up around his hips again, and shoved his cap lower over his forehead. Then Mother tied the muffler over his ears and wound it twice around his neck. Not much showed but his troubled blue eyes and downcast mouth.

"Well, I guess I'd better start." But he went over into the bay window again. This time he could see the thermometer without opening the window. "Hasn't gone up a mite. Wouldn't wonder if it got colder." He shook his head as Mother tried to encourage him. Then he got the snow shovel from the back door, took the pail and the can and started out. At the hall door he turned back and said: "Goodbye, Susie; I wouldn't go out if I were you." Then we heard the front door slam.

"I hope he made fuss enough!" Gertrude said, impatiently, as she returned to the table.

"That's no way to speak of your father!" mother said sharply. "You eat your breakfast!"



22 different styles-104 sizes-$5.25 up
24 hour shipments *guaranteed*

The Best You Can Buy

SAG-NO-MORE SNOW SHOES are *the best you can buy at any price*, yet not expensive. They are made by master craftsmen from the finest white ash and specially cured hides obtainable, sturdily built, light, well shaped, evenly balanced, and *guaranteed not to sag when wet.*

We also supply Sandals, Slippers, Toboggans, Cushions, Moccasins, Skis, Ski Harnesses, Poles, Wax, and Skate Straps.

WRITE for BOOKLET of Styles, Sizes and Equipment Suggestions

SAG-NO-MORE SNOW SHOE COMPANY
Oldest Manufacturer of Snow Shoes in the Country
W. H. Nickerson **NORWAY, MAINE** H. H. Hosmer

THERE IS NO OTHER CITY LIKE BOSTON!

Every Advertiser interested in reaching the Boston market should read this new survey

Did you know that Boston, while it is tenth in population in the United States, actually ties for fourth when its suburbs are included? Or that, aside from New York, Boston has the largest suburban population in the country? These facts and many more important ones are graphically presented in a new study entitled "There is no other city in the United States like Boston."

Many advertisers, after taking the few moments necessary to read this survey, have found their conception of the Boston market completely changed. We believe that you, too, will find this a most valuable aid in formulating your advertising plans for Boston.

A FEW COPIES STILL AVAILABLE

We still have a limited supply of this study that we would be pleased to send to any interested advertiser. Merely send in your request on your firm's letterhead. There will be no obligation.

Transit Advertisers Inc.

TRAIN CARDS · STATION POSTERS · TIME TABLES

New York, New Haven & Hartford R·R· Boston & Maine R·R· Boston & Albany R·R·

NORTH STATION, BOSTON **LAFayette 2995**

Nice fresh babies... 79c a pound!

SEVERAL of the world's leading nations have put bounties on babies.

They are not hypocritical or evasive about the reason behind this golden impetus to breeding. They want more babies now for bigger armies later . . . babies to be fattened up for sixteen or seventeen years, then delivered on the hoof for slaughter!

So breed, Mother, breed for the glory of your heroic Leaders. Take good care of that cuddly baby, Mother, so he'll grow up big and strong and the butchers will be pleased with him. And be thankful, Mother, for your great privilege of producing a son whose destiny it is to be blown to hell!

• • •

This baby-bounty business is one of the more revolting indications of the war insanity that afflicts the world today. We may consider ourselves here in America as removed from it all . . . as determined to stay out . . . as wanting only peace.

But war insanity is a horribly infectious disease. And if war breaks out *any place in the world*, we'll find it terribly difficult to stay out — despite all our present high-sounding talk of neutrality.

That's why an immediate, constant, and aggressive campaign for peace is so essential. We, here at World Peaceways, are conducting such a campaign.

We have made it our job to keep people who want peace as fervently as we do, enlightened on what's going on in world politics. We foster, in every way we know how, the cause of peace. We have plans we hope may help keep us out of war.

But it's a monumental job, that needs the help of all decent people. We'd like your support. We *need* your support. Write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

Job Exchange

free of charge to all subscribers. If you want a job, or have a job to give, use this column to state your wants or needs. YANKEE assumes no responsibility except that of placing jobbers in touch with jobbers. Let us know when you've got your job — or the position has been filled, so we can stop the ad. One six line ad per month allowable.

DEPENDABLE Am. woman would like position as companion-attendant to child or older person, by hour, day or evening. Boston suburbs. Some knowledge of nursing. Drives car. Experienced shopper. JF1

YOUNG SINGLE MAN, experienced and industrious, wants employment on farm, preferably poultry and truck gardening. Expect liberal wages. JF2

HIGH SCHOOL BOY wants job for summer in or near Dublin, N. H. doing light work around house, etc. Can take dictation and typewrite. Artistic inclinations without the temperament. JF3

TWO TEACHERS, college graduates, want work for next summer in gift shop or tea room. Both enjoy meeting people and have had successful business experience. JF4

YOUNG MAN, wants work on country home, farm or estate. Willing worker, fair education, moderate habits, don't drink. References on request. JF5

EXPERIENCED KNITTER would like work to do at home, preferably for a well established shop. JF6

YOUNG MAN, college student, is a very good cook. Wants job as camp or boarding house cook for the summer. JF7

WANTED: a gentlewoman, not too young and not too old, to share in the care of my comfortable, modern home. Family consists of myself, ex-trained nurse. Nobody without sense of humor and without industry need apply. JF8

I'D LIKE to take care of an estate somewhere in New England. I can manage all kinds of repairs, including doing over your antiques. Clever and inventive with tools. Highest references furnished. JF9

LET ME LOCATE a well or water vein on your land. Success guaranteed. JF10

WANTED: man or woman, or both, to board and room in attractive new home. Excellent home cooking. Would care for invalid. JJ1

I'M AN EXPERT MACHINIST in all lines and want to locate in New England. Experimental work a specialty, best references. JJ2

DRESSMAKER will custom-make your blouses, skirts, dresses, from your materials and patterns, to your measure. Beautifully finished. Or I cut and semi-finish. Prices reasonable. Write. JJ3

FORMER SECRETARY Connecticut Authors, college trained, familiar business administration, legal, court reporting. Excellent references, character and ability. Veteran. Now with Dept. Justice. Seeks connection. JJ4

I COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS in oils and make maple fudge. 40¢ pound without nuts, 50¢ with . . . in white boxes. JJ5

CARETAKER AND WIFE, or caretaker alone, wanted by family of three. Separate cottage on estate of 25 acres. Want one who is willing to work on grounds, chop wood and keep place in good condition. Near Boston. Exchange for good home and pleasant surroundings. JJ6

WANTED: A middle-aged New England woman — good plain cook, neat, willing to work and cheerful. Right person gets good home and permanent position; wages satisfactory. JJ8

I DO HIGHEST TYPE PAINTING. Will color photos in oil. Size: 4" x 6" — 50¢. Snapshots, 10¢. Also have hand-painted lamp shades or will match bases. Send description. JJ9

LET ME WRITE A VERSE to send with that gift, or letter of thanks; or let me oil your speech at the club; or tell someone how you appreciate them. Any subject covered, with reasonable notice, at reasonable rates. JD1

I'M EDUCATED AND TRAINED, of middle age, looking for a chance to show you what I can do as caretaker, home or traveling associate, manager of select inn or anything requiring backbone. JD2

TWO CONSIDERATE ADULTS, living in small, new, colonial country house with 18th century furnishings (near Rye, N. Y.) are looking for an experienced cook, waitress and houseworker. State what you want, your experiences, references, etc. JD4

WRITER, 34, wants New York City publicity or advertising work. Educated at Univ. of Virginia and Georgetown and the Sorbonne. Experienced in publicity and have had many short stories published. JN3

EXPERT TYPING TEACHER will type medical, theological, technical, or literary mss. Prices commensurate with quality and type of work done. JN5

YOUNG MAINE YANKEE with college and graduate school training, experienced as writer, editor, proofreader, secretary, librarian, tutor, counselor, cook, chauffeur, will exchange service for moderate salary. Not afraid of work! JN6

COLLEGE GRAD, 24, with 2 years' experience in fine private school kindergarten would like place as teacher. Or would like some responsible job requiring experience with kindergarten and nursery school aged children. JN8

TYPING SOLICITED—Manuscripts, lectures, theses and documents beautifully executed by competent, experienced typist who loves the work. Minor corrections if desired. Intelligent, personal attention. Rates and sample of work on request. JJ10

Letters

Dear *Yankee:*

Steady on the Nazi situation. . . . The whole affair has been hippodromed very beautifully by the combined efforts of our Congregationalist parson and the ex-Klansman who organized the so-called "United Americans."

For a consideration, the preacher "arranged" to have everyone again attend the church and fake a town meeting for the *March of Time,* or Pathé (or both). The old church became the stage for fanaticism vs. Nazi-ism. Not since they drummed poor Prudence Crandall outta the State for teaching the negroes, have we stooped so low in our profanation of the House of God.

The local Uncle Willy went, our Aunt Eppie Hogg attended, and the cameramen even went down onto the pond and begged the kids to lay off skating and come up and have their pictures took. (The kids had sense. They came and laughed so hard from behind the modesty boards topside, that the sound and cameramen got into an argument and darn near cum to blows, right in that church.) Somebody passed the word out that each and every person who attended would receive two dollars for his or her labor. Dave, our Jewish constable (who has lived here 27 years, eats pork, often attends this church and has generally become civilized); he attended with the whole family and the hired man. Dave smiled so broadly at the prospect of all the two-dollar bills he hoped to corral that the minister had to warn him that "this is a real serious occasion, Mr. Joselvitz." Dave, in his machine-gun delivery, blurted out; "Ha, Ha-ha, 'scuse it pleez, but it's funnier than hell."

When the parson got peace and due seriousness restored in the audience, and the kids upstairs had been laughing until only a stray chuckle got through the frosty air of the vaulted interior, the cameraman asked the sound man if he was ready. The sound man nodded his head. The director yelled "Sink 'em!" . . . and they sunk because the power went off!

The poor old D.A.R. riz up and in her sincere, tearful voice sez: "God bless George Washington!" The organizer of the United Americans, after a hasty glance over his shoulder to be sure Old Lady Platt wasn't there, yelled; "Let's all of us sing the Star Spangled Banner! . . . Blest be the Ku Klux Klan!"

And me, just a dumb cluck who fought both the 4th and the 15th Prussian Guards when they were GOOD. . . . I chucked another log on the fire and got me started on the last chapter of a 70,000 word novel.

The film-fakers got Ike Platt to pose shaking his fist, and took a shot from the top of Rattlesnake down over the village with the green cloud of hate rising especially strong from the vicinity of the church. They bought a bottle of gin and got the young bloods to cut some white birches while Baldheaded King "arrested" a couple of 'em. They got Ed Coer, 1st Selectman; and Harry Platt, 2nd SM; they got people walking up and down the road in serious conversation and school kids coming home from school. All American institutions were filmed except the weekly crap game behind the Town Hall which is just over the way from the parsonage.

But the payoff is . . . only Aunt Eppie, the old D.A.R., and ex-Klansman and Joselvitz got any two-dollar bills!

Really, in all seriousness, when I passed up 168 other towns and took this one as a site for the new Training School for Mental Defectives, I certainly chose well. All we have to do here is to build a fence around the community and the personnel is all secure. We have 30,000 people in this State with an I.Q. of 50–70. According to the last census, 1,134 of them reside in Southbury!

But

Did you know that . . .

The Rex Brasher prints of North American birds have been lost to Connecticut because the State refused to provide a suitable gallery for them?

The Merritt Parkway is under fire and the incoming Director of Public Works calls it inefficient because they made a curve in the road to save a 200 year-old-tree?

The Enfield Horse Thief Protective Association recently held its 115th annual meeting and election of officers?

And that Connecticut led the world in oyster culture and still farms some 50,000 underseas acres? (Yields as high as $1,000 per acre-year are not unusual. Cape Cod oysters; Chathams, Cotuits, Buzzards Bay, have their origin and much of their growth here. Nearly 100 per cent of Narragansett Bay, Gardner's Bay, Peconic Bay, and Great South Bay oysters are also of Connecticut origin. Several thousand barrels of Connecticut oysters are annually exported for planting on the English and Irish coasts.)

But why go on?

Be a sport and laugh at the anti-Nazis, just a little!

Yours sincerely,

PEEP SIGHT

South Britain, Conn.

STOP! HELP! Mother of five whose letter appeared in January issue (Unspoiled Vermont!) has a satisfactory location and thanks everybody for their concern. She was deluged with farms to rent.

STAMMERERS

Here is an old New England school that has successfully corrected speech defects for over 70 years.

Write for Free booklet

Samuel Y. Robbins, *Director*

BOSTON STAMMERERS' INST

419 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

Presenting . . . for the Eighth Consecutive Season

THE ORIGINAL

SNOW-TRAIN

FOR RADIANT HEALTH

SUNDAYS

Every Sunday from the North Station in Boston — during the season. Make the Snow-Train your home for a day of healthful, clean enjoyment.

WEEK-ENDS

This year the winter sports fans may pick their favorite destination any weekend. Our de-luxe service at lowest rates ever will take you there swiftly and economically.

EVERYDAY

LOW FARES AND FAST THROUGH SCHEDULES TEMPT THE PURSE AND FANCY OF WINTER VACATIONIST EVERY DAY OF THE SEASON.

New England "Knows How" to provide you with the best in accommodations and equipment through years of experience. The Boston and Maine Railroad also "Knows How" to take you there safely and in comfort. Already over 100,000 Snow-Train passengers.

Just drop a line to the Passenger Traffic Manager, Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston, Mass. for this season's Snow-Train booklet. Contains all the information you need for an enjoyable trip.

There's a place for YOU in this happy crowd — We'll be "skiing" you!

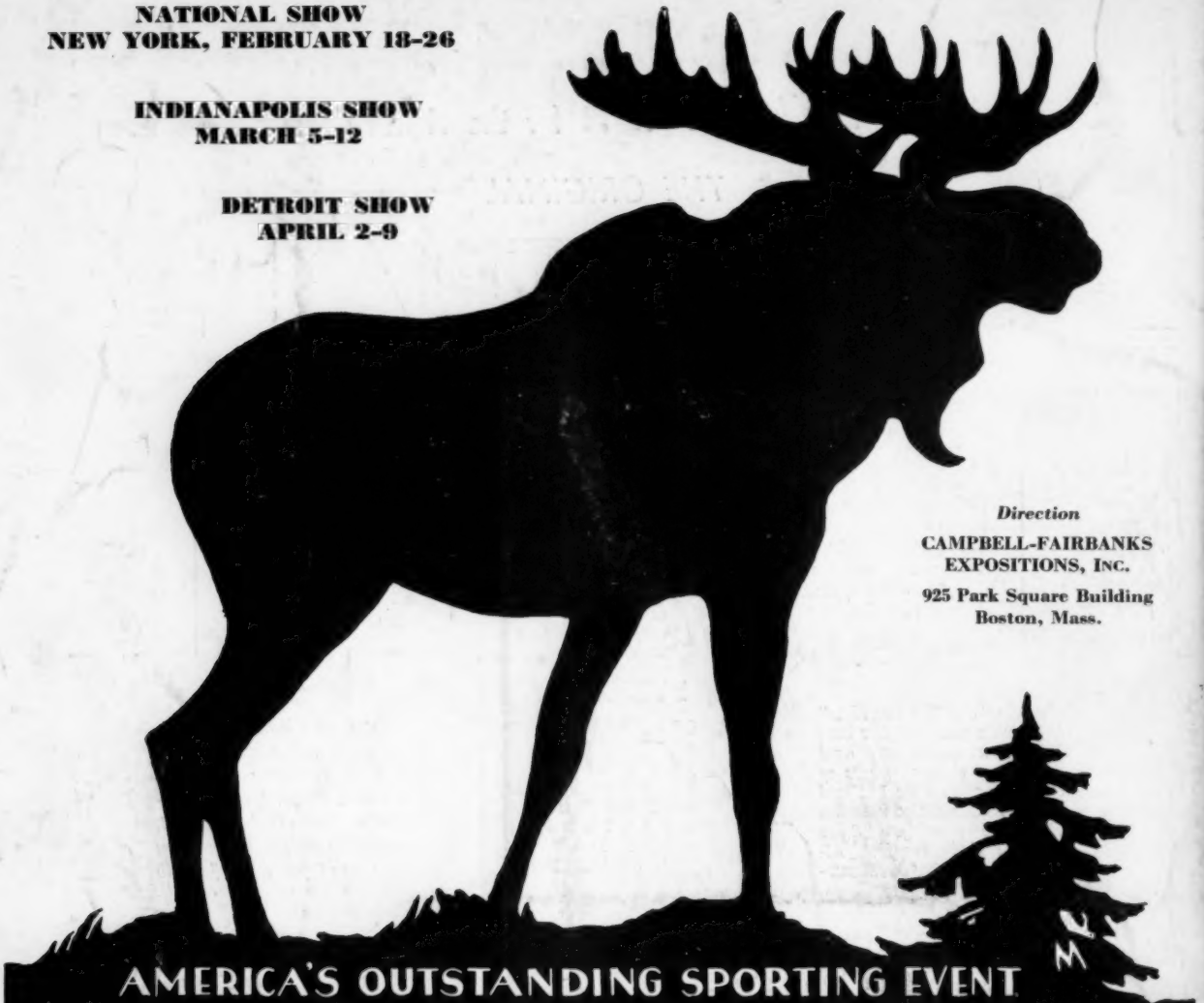
BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD

ORD PRESS
ORD, N. H.

NATIONAL SHOW
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18-26

INDIANAPOLIS SHOW
MARCH 5-12

DETROIT SHOW
APRIL 2-9



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CAMPBELL-FAIRBANKS
EXPOSITIONS, INC.
925 Park Square Building
Boston, Mass.

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SPORTING EVENT

New England

SPORTSMEN'S *and* BOAT SHOW

FEBRUARY 5 *thru* FEBRUARY 12, 1938

MECHANICS BUILDING, BOSTON